THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1298.

Original Poem.

HENRY OF FRANCE, IN YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

A mighty name that years agone
Before we saw the light,
Was ever in the mind of man
And first before his sight—
A name the world may glory on,
The beautiful, the bright.

And oh, it is a noble part
His deeds to look upon,
To set his glorious works apart
And read them one by one—
The links that bound a noble heart,
And broke when life was done.

But less the king of lordly France
His name the brightest seems,
Than when his gayer feelings glance
Upon our waking dreams,
And hope, young hope, and pleasure dance
Within his young eye beams.

He was the bravest of them all,
And stood on Ivry's plain,
And saw the iron torrent fall
Around his head like rain,
But knew the Leaguer's murderous ball
Fell on his hosts in vain.

A mighty name for many a day
He held among the brave,
And lightly on his temples lay
The crown his valor gave,
And kingly glories shone away,
That have defied the grave.

But oh the prince, the gay young prince
Whom poets love to sing,
Around whose sweet entanglements
Such sweet romances cling—
The gay young prince has ever since
Been dearer than the king.

They say that love in after time
Became a fault with him,
Affection bid too many a crime
That made his glories dim—
Gay gallant foibles in a mind
That knew no fault but them.

They tell us of the princely love
He bore to Gabrielle,
And how his heart a wounded dove
Into her bosom fell—
And how his deeds were made to prove
He loved his ladye well.

But oh, the young heart's earliest tone,
It was the sweetest yet—
In after years 't was sad and lone
Uncherished and unmet—
He never found another one
Who loved like poor Fleurette.

In other years, at eventide,
Beside the Font Belle Eau,
Some courtly beauty at his side,
The fountain bubbling low—
How in his heart the roses died,
Thinking of long ago.

And watching as the stars came up,
Some bright familiar star,
The lover's link of trusting hope
When he was young afar,
And other fountains bubbled up
Amid his own Navarre.

Still in the memories of a race
That tread a far off land;
The softer is the firmer trace
That comes at his command,
And Henri Quatre finds a grace
We give not to the Grand.

Original Tales.

THE WHITE LADY; Or, the Haunted Mansion.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS HUGHS, AUTHOR OF AUNT MARY'S TALES, ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED, &c.

CHAPTER III.

When Blanche was summoned to the tea-table, her face was flushed, her eyes heavy, and she had altogether such evident marks of indisposition, that not only Helen but even her mother was alarmed; and on the latter's questioning her closely with regard to her feelings she acknowledged that she was very far from well, but attributed it to a severe cold that she had caught the day she had sat so long on the top of the hill; and in order to quiet the apprehensions of her friends she forced herself to assume a degree of gaiety very much in opposition to her feelings. Mrs. Dunlop was more animated than Blanche had ever seen her, and Helen's countenance was relieved from that restless inquietude which had so long marked it. Fergus as usual was all animation, and began to fire off his artillery of jokes against his cousin without mercy.

"Weel, Heelen," said he, "did the letter that ye gat fra the callant gie ye entire satisfaction?"

"It was the letter that I expected, and was so anxious to receive," replied Helen coldly.

"And is it some English fellow, Heelen, that has set fire to your heart sa suddenly; or is it auld love warmed up agin, as Ailsie warms up her broze? I'm curious to ken, for she always says it's better than the new when it's weel warmed up, and may be ye might find it the same wi' auld love."

"Mamma!" said Helen with a degree of petulance that Blanche had never before seen her exhibit; "I wish you would make Fergus hold his tongue!"

"My dear Helen," said Mrs. Dunlop laughing, "you really attribute more power to me than I possess; but who would mind what a pert saucy boy says?"

"Helen!" said Fergus, who, on looking at his cousin, saw the tears in her eyes. "You know that I would not give you pain for the world, whilst to serve you I would part with my only remaining leg, and go on crutches the rest of my life," and as he spoke in a tone of deep feeling, Blanche was astonished to hear him express himself in a perfectly English accent; and his animated countenance beamed with affection and tenderness.

"Then why take so much pleasure in plaguing me?" said his cousin in a corresponding tone of kindness, for she immediately recollected the promptness with which he had offered to plunge through the snow for the sake of relieving her anxiety.

"Ah! weel! weel!" said the wayward boy, resuming his Scotch accent as soon as he saw his cousin's countenance mollified, "I believe I may alter the old saying, and instead of saying 'every dog maun ha' his day' I would render it every dog maun ha' his way," and so saying, having finished his tea, he went whistling out of the room.

"What a strange boy he is," said Helen, as he closed the door after him.

"But what noble ingredients he is composed of," said her friend. "He has all the essentials for making a distinguished man."

"He has indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Dunlop; "and I am only surprised that Helen takes his nonsense so seriously. But apropos of the letter that he has been passing his jokes upon, have you made your friend acquainted with the purport of it Helen?"

"Oh! no, mamma," cried Helen with emotion, "I cannot speak to Blanche upon the subject. I know too well what her feelings would be to venture upon the topic till my own mind is fully made up."

"But you surely will tell her of the visitor you expect," remonstrated her mother.

"Not yet! not yet!" returned Helen, the tears again skimming in her large dark eyes. "Blanche knows me too well to suspect me of unkindness, and will, as she has ever done, give me my own time for making my disclosures."

"Indeed I will," said Blanche, rising as she spoke and pressing her burning lips on the polished forehead of her friend; "and to save you from all importunity, as well as for the purpose of nursing my own cold, I will leave you my dear Helen, and wish you and your mother both a good night;" and she left the room after declining all of Mrs. Dunlop's proffered doctoring, assuring her that she believed the best medicine for her would be a good sound night's sleep.

"Here then is an end to all uncertainty;" said the agitated girl as she shut herself up in her chamber; and throwing herself into a seat at the window into which the young moon had just begun to cast its silvery rays, and covering her face with her hands she rested her elbows on the stone moulding that encircled the casement. "He has told his tale, and is now coming to urge his suit! And I must stay and witness it all; nay, perhaps, he may again call upon me to aid his cause, for he has already shown his confidence in my disinterestedness. And I will not disappoint him! I will do all in my power to confirm his happiness, and then fly off where I shall have no opportunity of contrasting their bliss with my own unspeakable misery." Wholly absorbed in the overpowering agony of her feelings, it is probable that the morning dawn would still have found Blanche in the same position forgetful of the rest that her exhausted frame so much required, forgetful too of the still unopened letter that lay on the table on which she had thrown it in the afternoon, and, which in her agitation she had totally forgotten, of the nightly visit of the White Lady as Nancy so appropriately called her, till she was aroused by the sound of the opening door, when turning round she saw her advancing. Rising from her seat, Blanche was about to make way for her to take possession of her usual place. The act of moving, however, seemed to startle the midnight wanderer, and she was turning as with the intention of going, when Blanche rushed forward and threw herself at her feet. "Oh! do not shun me, sweet spirit!" she exclaimed, "but stay and let me pour out to thee the miseries that I cannot utter to mortal ear! Oh! if when in this world thou ever felt what it was to suffer, intercede for me, I beseech thee, that I may have strength to bear the lot that is assigned me, not as a pouting child, that barely withholds from complaining, but with a patient submission to the will of Providence, which alone becomes those who have their various parts assigned them by an unerring Judge!" As Blanche spoke, the mysterious being before her, clasped her hands together and raising them, stood as in an attitude of supplication. The idea of actually seeing an intermediate being between her and Divinity itself, was so vast and overpowering to Blanche's already overstrained feelings and exhausted frame, that she sank lifeless on the floor.

Various were the fancies that flitted across Blanche's imagination before she became sensible of realities; the prevailing one, however, was that the White Lady was constantly hovering over her; sometimes she imagined that she felt her lips pressed upon her burning cheek, and instead of the icy coldness that she had expected, she was conscious of warm sighs being breathed over her, whilst scalding tears dropped from the eyes which still glared upon her, but yet not unmingled with an expression of tenderness. Then again she would fancy she felt the cold marble hand pressed upon her forehead, though at the same time words of soothing kindness were poured into her ear in a voice of the softest and sweetest melody. Now she would fancy she saw Helen bending over her, and endeavoring to cheer her with promises of happiness, and the next moment the vision would change into the form of Beaumont, who stood looking at her with sternness, and upbraiding her with selfishness and want of sympathy. At length, however, she seemed to awake from a long and troubled dream, and looking up, she found herself in bed, the room darkened, and the curtains just so much drawn as to shut out every glimpse of light that might chance to fall upon her eyelids. She made an effort to put back the curtain, which effort being observed, it was drawn aside and Helen stood before her.

"Have you come to see why I lay so long?" said she, wholly unconscious of the time that had elapsed while she remained in the delirium of fever.

"No, dear Blanche; I am here to keep you from attempting to rise. You have been ill, and it is necessary that you should be kept very quiet, for fear of a relapse."

"Who told you that I was ill?" asked the invalid, as the recollection of the scene with the White Lady began gradually to return to her mind.

"My aunt Mildred," replied Helen, "but do not ask any questions now, and you soon shall hear all. You must make haste to get well, for I am very anxious to introduce you to a gentleman who is equally anxious to make your acquaintance."

"I believe I am pretty well acquainted with him already," said Blanche with a faint smile.

"You have seen him, certainly, for he had the good fortune to save you from breaking your neck by tumbling from the top of the hill."

"What do you mean, dear Helen? Explain yourself, I beg, for believe me, suspense will do me more harm than a little conversation."

"Well, then," said Helen, who was of the same opinion, "you may remember that one Malcolm Douglas was, some year and a half ago, the very frequent subject of my letters; and that all at once I requested that his name might never be mentioned to me again. The reason of this was that I found he had a few years previous allowed himself to be led into the dreadful vice of gambling. He did not attempt to deny the charge, but excused himself on the score of his extreme youth and the designing character of the man who seduced him from the path of virtue. But so great is my horror of that vice that I have always been determined to never unite myself to a man who had ever given way to it. The connection was consequently broken off, and I never heard anything more of him from that time till I came to pay my visit to you. It seems he had gone abroad as soon as he was convinced of my inflexibility, and there became acquainted with Oswald Beaumont. They were mutually prepossessed in each other's favor, and very soon agreed to travel together. This they did, and by the time they had finished their tour, they had become warmly attached and confidential friends. Malcolm had made Oswald the confidant of his love, and of his disappointment as well as its cause: and it was not long before Oswald discovered that your friend and the Helen Dunlop of whom he had heard so much, were one and the same person; and his generous heart conceived the design of being instrumental in restoring the happiness of his friend. This subject was the cause of Oswald and myself having many long conversations together, which he could only induce me to enter into on the promise of absolute secrecy, for I could not bear the idea of being suspected of renewing the connection before my mind was perfectly satisfied about its propriety. Before he went to London, however, he obtained my promise to consult mamma, and as he considered that my confidence in his integrity was the best guarantee for the character of his friend, he begged of you to do all in your power to establish my confidence in him. When I came home and talked to mamma on the subject, and told her of Oswald's belief of the strength and devotedness of Malcolm's attachment, as well as his hatred of the vice in which he had only for a short time indulged, she became as warm an advocate for him as Oswald himself, and she wrote to authorize Beaumont to say, in her name, that Douglas would be a welcome visiter at Balgay. The number of weeks that elapsed from the time of this letter being sent and an answer to it being returned, kept me in a state of constant anxiety, and even when I received a letter from Oswald saying that before my mother's letter arrived, his friend had disappeared, and that he had not been able to find out whither he had gone till just before he wrote, when he had learnt that he was lurking somewhere within the precincts of Balgay, in the hope of having an incidental meeting with me, but which mamma's illness, by keeping me so long a prisoner in her chamber, had prevented, I was far from being relieved, for though Beaumont added that he had enclosed my mother's letter, and sent it to Malcolm, so that he had no doubt we should very soon see him; an unpleasant kind of uncertainty respecting his having been so long in this neighborhood still rested on my mind, and made me unwilling to have the subject mentioned even to you, my dear Blanche, both because I wished to be myself perfectly satisfied before the thing was made known to any more than was absolutely necessary, and because I knew your generous confiding nature so well, that I was afraid of being persuaded by you against my judgment. But when he came and spoke of various little circumstances that had transpired, amongst which, was his having helped you to descend from the top of the hill, all doubts and suspicions were at once removed, and I very frankly renewed my engagement which, I believe, was quite as necessary for my happiness as for his."

"And poor Oswald!" said Blanche.

"Poor Oswald! as you call him, will be one of the happiest of human beings as soon as you are well enough to see him."

"My dear Helen! do not attempt to deceive me! You are not aware of the mysterious manner in which he spoke the last time I saw him."

"Perhaps I am better informed on the subject than you imagine," said Helen, smiling. "He talked of the uncertainty of what his fate might be, and said as soon as it was determined you should either see or hear from him; but he did not tell you, because he would not excite your anxiety, that a law suit had been instituted against him as holding the estate which in right belonged to another; and as, in case of the suit going against him, the long arrears which would have had to be made up, would have reduced him to perfect beggary, he had determined, should he lose the suit, never to see you any more as he was resolved never to allow you to unite yourself to his broken fortunes. On the contrary, however, the deeds on which the suit was founded, were clearly proved to be forgeries, and he is now safely established in the possession of his estate, and only needs to be assured of his far dearer possession of your heart."

"I believe he has not much doubt on that subject," said Blanche, while a soft blush overspread her lovely, but pale face.

"I have yet another commission to execute," continued Helen. "I have an explanation to give you concerning my Aunt Mildred, alias The White Lady."

"Was it then a human being that I saw," exclaimed Blanche; "and not a disembodied spirit? Can it be possible that a being looking so unearthly is still performing a part, in this mortal life."

"She is still a mortal, though for a long time she had but little to do with life. But you shall hear her history, which is short, though mournful. She is my mother's sister, and as mamma is the oldest and she the youngest of a very large family, there are more than twenty years difference in their ages. As she was remarkably beautiful, my grandfather and grandmother had great hopes, that by forming some high alliance, she would add greatly to the dignity of the family. Unfortunately, however, for these hopes, she became attached to a simple Paisley manufacturer, and though he was young, rich, handsome, intelligent, and of a character of the highest standing, they would not hear of the connection. She, however, stood proof against all their arguments, as well as the solicitations of various men of rank who sought her hand. She was only seventeen when she became attached to Mr. McDougal, and for three years her parents battled against her inclinations, but she always said, as long as they lived, she would never marry against their wishes, but nothing should ever induce her to marry in opposition to her own. At length, however finding that they were themselves sinking very fast into the grave, they gave their consent, and she became, at the age of twenty, the wife of Mr. McDougal. From what I have heard my mother say, as well as from what I have myself seen; I do not believe there ever was a couple that enjoyed a higher degree of felicity in the marriage state than they did. They never were separated, except when his business made it necessary, and even then, to make the time as short as possible, she was in the habit of going every day to the factory, in fine weather on foot, and in bad, in the carriage, that they might return together to dinner. One day, between two and three years ago, after waiting for him for some time, uncle recollected something that he had to do in the room where the machinery was, and aunt followed him thither; when—oh! how shall I speak it?—he was caught in one of the wheels, and in an instant drawn in amongst the works and crushed to atoms, before his wife's eyes! It was as much as the engineer could do to hold her from rushing in after him. She was taken home senseless, and lay for many weeks with scarcely any signs of life. She was on the point, at the time that the dreadful event occurred, of becoming a mother, but of course, her child, the only being that could have recalled her to life, was lost. She gradually recovered her health, to a considerable degree, but she had never from the dreadful moment, till the time that you fainted at her feet, uttered a single word, but has been

'Forever silent, and forever sad.'

"The blood which forsook her face at the time, never returned to it, but an unvarying death-like paleness has prevailed in its place. Her eyes too, which were once so beautiful, nearly started from their sockets, to which they never rightly returned, whilst the nerves had sustained some injury that deprived them, almost entirely of the power of motion. As both my grandfather and grandmother died a short time after this dreadful event, (which I dare say you remember my mentioning in some of my letters) my mother felt the duty of a parent towards the poor sufferer to devolve upon her, and proposed her removing to Balgay, which she would only consent to, on condition of her presence being kept a profound secret, for she dreaded the annoyance of vulgar curiosity. It was even stipulated that neither my mother nor myself were to go near her except at stated intervals, and but for a few minutes at a time. Her nurse, who holds her almost in adoration, lives with, and attends upon her, in the apartments she had built on purpose for herself, and which form one of those excrescences as you call them, attached to our old mansion. Neither my mother nor I were aware of her being in the habit of visiting this chamber, which we now recollect was a favorite resort of her husband's, or we should have apprised you of it. Her nurse, who of course knew that you had taken possession of the room, forbore to mention it to her from the hope that it might be the means by bringing you together, of breaking into her mistress' melancholy seclusion; and as it has turned out, the manoeuvre has been a fortunate one, for her alarm, at seeing you drop down apparently dead, had the effect of loosening the organs of speech, and she was, besides, as she says, learned a lesson by you, which will be of service to her for the rest of her life. She scarcely ever left your bedside from the time you were taken ill till we saw that your fever had subsided and your consciousness was returning; when she went away, lest the alarm of seeing her might be injurious. She left me in commission to give you a sketch of her mournful history, and also to give you this note," added Helen, taking a paper from her bosom, as she spoke; "which you shall have as soon as you are well enough to read it."

"Oh! I can read it now," said Blanche, "let me have it, and then I shall have nothing to do but to lie still and get a good sleep when I think I shall be quite well." Helen gave her the paper, and opening it she read the following.

"I have to thank you my sweet friend for being recalled to the duties of life. The prayer that you put up for yourself gave me a lesson from which I learned, that resignation to the will of Providence does not lie in merely not grumbling, but in a cheerful endeavor to promote the happiness of others, though happiness can never more be our own portion. I have allowed riches to lie by me unused merely because my own portion has been a bitter one, but I will endeavor in future to follow your example, and think of others rather than of myself.

MILDRED McDOUGAL."

Scarcely had Blanche finished reading these lines, when the writer of them came into the room, and going up to the bed she pressed her lips affectionately on Blanche's cheek, but motioned to her not to talk. Blanche took her hand and pressed it with an air of affectionate sympathy to her lips. "Let me propose," said she, "that Helen should go down stairs and join her friends while I endeavor to get some sleep, for I feel that I need it."

"If Aunt Mildred will stay with you till my return," said Helen.

"You could not give me a pleasanter task to perform," said her aunt, and Helen left the room, while Blanche allowed the curtain to be drawn before her, and composed herself to the sweet slumbers of a disburdened and happy mind.

We will leave it to our readers to imagine Blanche's rapid return to health, her meeting with her lover, and the happy union of the two friends to the objects of their well tried affection, and as they both had the same birthday, so did they make their wedding day the same. "I always thought," said Fergus, "that Heelen would prove of my way of thinking at last, and determine that auld love, like auld brose, was the best when weel warmed up again."

The two friends and their husbands frequently exchanged visits, and as on each return to Balgay, Blanche saw the interesting young widow exerting herself for the benefit of those around her, and finding comparative happiness for herself in the blessings she dispensed to the suffering and afflicted wherever they were found, she rejoiced to think she had been instrumental in recalling to a sense of her duties, and thus, in a degree, healing the wounded spirit of The White Lady.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTY-EIGHT.

A NEW FRESCO BY RAPHAEL—IBRAHIM PACHA — THE "LAST SUPPER" OF ANDREA DEL SARTO—AMERICAN ART IN FLORENCE.

Florence, November 9, 1845.

A week or two ago, the artistic world of Florence was startled by the announcement that a fresco of Raphael had been discovered in a building in the Via Faenza, formerly part of a monastery, but now used as a carriage-house. The picture, the subject of which is the "Last Supper," is of large dimensions; it had lain neglected and covered with dirt for a great many years. Within a short time, an Italian artist had the curiosity to attempt its restoration, and found such evidences of a superior work that he continued until the whole fresco was exposed. Some artists are still incredulous about its genuineness, but besides containing the initials of Raphael's name and a date corresponding with the time of his sojourn in Florence, it is said to be painted precisely in his early style. As a work of art it does not rank very high, but every figure traced by the pencil of the immortal master is reckoned as a treasure.

I have seen Ibrahim Pacha, the son of old Mehemet Ali, driving in his carriage through the streets. He is here on a visit from Lucca, where he has been spending some time on account of his health. I was anxious to see him on account of the important part he has played in the affairs of the East, as well as his having been the commander of the Turkish troops during the Greek Revolution. He is a man of apparently fifty years of age, and his countenance wears a stern and almost savage look, very consistent with the character he bears and the political part he has played. He is rather portly in person, the pale olive of his complexion contrasting strongly with a beard perfectly white. In common with all his attendants, he wears the high red cap, picturesque blue tunic and narrow trowsers of the Egyptians. There is scarcely a man of them whose face with its wild, oriental beauty, does not show to advantage among us civilized and prosaic Christians. A few days ago, the Duke gave a grand entertainment to the Pacha, at the Palazzo Pitti.

Resuming the link which this mention of his Egyptian Highness has broken, I step naturally from the new-found fresco of Raphael to another of the same subject, by Andrea del Sarto; which, as it is seen by few who visit Florence, may not have been described by tourists. If so, I shall "rejoice exceedingly" at having, in this over-run and over-traveled country, stumbled upon one unappropriated item. It stands in an old building among the gardens on the outside of the city wall. Besides the intrinsic merit of the painting, its history is very interesting. In some of the wars that followed the extinction of the Florentine republic, the city was often besieged and every painting or other work of art outside of the walls destroyed, the wonderful beauty of this, alone preserving it from the vandal hands of the enemy. It stood afterwards many years as a bare wall, exposed to sun and storm, and in spite of all this is well enough preserved to entrance one with its chaste and spiritual beauty. The Saviour is represented in the middle of his Disciples in the act of declaring to them that one should betray him. The youthful James leans towards him with a look of affectionate anxiety, while on the other side the dark-browed Judas, with his hand on his breast, seems to be saying, "Master, is it I?" Near him is the stern, gray-haired Peter, his majestic countenance wearing a look of profound thought. The other Apostles are grouped around, with faces expressive of deep interest, and there is in all the figures that delightful harmony of coloring that marks the works of this master. When the painting was fresh, it is said to have had the effect of a real scene on the beholder.

In Florence, and indeed through all Italy, there is much reason for our country to be proud of the high stand her artists are taking. The sons of our rude western clime, brought up without any resources than their own genius and energy, now fairly rival those, who from their cradle upwards have drawn inspiration and ambition from the glorious masterpieces of the old painters and sculptors. Wherever our artists are known, they never fail to create a respect for American talent, and dissipate the false notions respecting our cultivation and refinement, which prevail in Europe. There are now eight or ten of our painters and sculptors in Florence, and some among them, I do not hesitate to say, take the very first rank among living artists.

I have been highly gratified in visiting the studio of Mr. G. L. Brown, who, as a landscape painter, is destined to take a stand second to no other since the days of Claude Lorraine. He is now without a rival in Florence, or perhaps in Italy, and he has youth, genius and a plentiful stock of the true poetic enthusiasm for his art, to work for him far greater triumphs. His Italian landscapes have that golden mellowness and transparency of atmosphere which give such a charm to the real scenes, and one would think he used on his pallette, in addition to the more substantial colors, condensed air and sunlight and the liquid crystal of streams. He has wooed Nature like a lover, and she has not withheld her favors. She has taught him how to raise and curve her trees, load their boughs with foliage, and spread underneath them the broad, cool shadows—to pile up the shattered crag, and steep the long mountain range in the haze of alluring distance.

He has now nearly finished, a large painting of "Christ Preaching in the Wilderness," which is of surprising beauty. You look upon one of the fairest scenes of Judea. In front, the rude multitude are grouped on one side, in the edge of a magnificent forest; on the other side, towers up a rough wall of rock and foliage that stretches back into the distance, where some grand blue mountains are piled against the sky, and a beautiful stream, winding through the middle of the picture, slides away out of the foreground. Just emerging from the shade of one of the cliffs, is the benign figure of the Saviour, with the warm light which breaks from behind the trees, falling around him as he advances. It is a glorious composition, and nothing I could say in paise of it, would lead you to feel disappointed when you see it next spring in America. There is a smaller picture of the "Shipwreck of St. Paul," in which he shows equal skill in painting a troubled sea and breaking storm. He is one of the young artists from whom we have most to hope.

Mr. Thos. B Ashton, of Philadelphia, with whose works you are doubtless familiar, is now here, but I have not been fortunate enough to see any of his pictures. Of those who have devoted themselves to historical paintings, there are several here who display high talent, and are beginning to be favorably known in America. Mr. W. C. Sanders, of Alabama, who has been here some time, has made two or three very beautiful compositions. His "Italian Fruit-girl" is a lovely little picture. There is a half-shade of melancholy lingering in the full, dark eye, and around the sweet mouth of the child, which makes it touching and interesting—it is a face one loves to look upon. He has also a half length group, called "The Circassian Slave," which is full of spirit and character. The Turk, a handsome but voluptuous looking fellow, has seized the shrinking girl, who, with her hands crossed on her breast, is looking upward with an expression of painful grief in her beautiful countenance; and I defy any one to find a more avaricious or contemptible character than the slave merchant. He would be too low even for a Shylock. This picture, like all others of Mr. Sanders', is painted with a careful reference to nature and with a knowledge of the rules of art, that will assure him much higher success. He has a fine critical judgment of the old masters, and in his copies has shown a remarkable skill in ascertaining the means by which their finest effects were produced. He will, I have no doubt, win many laurels before his return to America. I have also seen some very fine copies from Titian and Correggio by Mr. Fisher. His copy of the celebrated Correggio at Parma, struck me as being exceedingly beautiful, as well as one of Titian's Venus that hangs in the Tribune.

I have been extremely interested in looking over a great number of sketches made by Mr. Kellogg, of Cincinnati, during a tour through Egypt, Arabia Petrea and Palestine. He visited many places out of the general route of travelers, and besides the great number of landscape views, has brought away many sketches of the characters and costumes of the Orient. From some of these he has already commenced paintings, which, as his genius is equal to his practice, will be of no ordinary value. Indeed, some of these must give him at once an established reputation in America. In Constantinople, where he resided for several months, he enjoyed peculiar advantages for the exercise of his art, through the favor and influence of Mr. Carr, the American, and Sir Stratford Canning, the British Minister, and I saw a splendid diamond cup, presented to him by Riza Pacha, the late Grand Vizier. The sketches he brought from thence and from the valleys of Phrygia and the mountain solitudes of old Olympus, are of great interest and value. Among his later paintings, I might mention an angel, the rapt and glorious beauty of whose countenance I have rarely seen equalled. A divine light seems to shine through all the features and heighten the glow of adoration to an expression all spiritual and all immortal. If Mr. Kellogg will give us a few more of these heavenly conceptions, we will dethrone Guido and place him on the vacant pedestal.

I meant to have said something about our sculptors in this letter, but it would run it to too great a length, so I will reserve the trio for another, with their leave and yours. J. B. T.

Original Sonnet.

TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

But one such beaming look from those dear eyes
That once so thrillingly encountered mine,
In the glad hour when love's most sweet surprise
O'erflooded our young hearts with bliss divine—
The brimming draught of pure Elysian wine
Never but once proffered to mortal lips:—
Though shrouded close in life's most dark eclipse,
One loving glance from those deep lustrous orbs,
More beautiful than aught beneath the sky,
My whole enamored heart at once absorbs,
The heavy clouds of care and sorrow fly,
The whole dark Present into Lethe dips,
And back flow the sweet hours when Love was new,
And its full rapture pierced my trembling bosom through.
IDA.

FLOUNCING.—In Guernsey, when a young man offers himself to a lady and is accepted, the parents of the parties give what is termed a flouncing; that is, they invite their friends to a feast, where the young lady is led round the room by her future father-in-law; there is then an exchange of rings and some articles of plate, according to the rank of the parties. After this it is horrid for the damsel to be seen walking with any other male person, and the youth must scarcely glance at any thing feminine. In this way they court for years. After this ceremony, if the gentleman alters his mind, the lady can claim half his property; and if the fickle lass should repent, the gentleman can demand half of hers.—*London Court Journal.*

Original Criticism.

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

This is a book similar in plan and purpose to the "New Home" of Mrs. Clavers—designed, and very well fitted, to interest us in the country it describes; and while concealing none of the innumerable discomforts of a residence there, portraying in such glowing colors a host of counterbalancing enjoyments, that we do not wonder at the author's earnest love for the wide and beautiful Prairie Land. The two pictures of life at the West leave very much the same impression upon the mind; but our present author seems animated with a more enthusiastic admiration of what is admirable there—a keener perception, perhaps, of natural beauty, that enables her to revel in the rich feast spread before her, with a comparative indifference to the want of social comforts and enjoyments. Therefore, though we do not find the unstudied ease and piquant raciness of description that made Mrs. Kirkland's book so delightful, we have the scenery of the country, and the changes it presents at different seasons, set before us with such minuteness of detail, and all that is beautiful dwelt upon with such hearty zest, that we cannot help entering into the enthusiasm of the writer, and feeling somewhat of the same enchantment that warms her descriptions, "steal upon the heart like the very witchery of nature."

The following passage portrays the condition of the western emigrant in its most favorable light.

"Social and physical freedom exist here in their most enlarged forms. In less favored portions of the earth, man is more or less enslaved. Want, custom, artificial desires, or some of the thousand phantoms which tread upon the heels of human enjoyment, restrain his freedom. They limit his action, give complexion to his feeling, oppress his thought, cut off his communion with the primal sources of truth. His necessities have each an individual voice, and call loudly for effort. He may not rest till this is made. Here, it is to a great extent otherwise. Our genial climate and exhaustless soil afford an abundant and ready return for his labors. He is soon released from want, and his faculties, rebounding from their depressed condition, go leisurely forth in quest of happiness. There is just enough of ease in his outward circumstances to excite, instead of enervating the tone of his energies; and with enlarged capacities for enjoyment, he finds himself surrounded by the most propitious array of facts and objects for promoting it. Nature in her loveliest and benignest aspect is spread before him. She invites him to her acquaintance; and while he courts it, the jarring selfishness in which his life has been spent, softens into greater harmony with the good, the true, and the beautiful in creation. He becomes a better, wiser, happier man. His fetters crumble, and he begins to reach forth to ascertain the boundaries and qualities of the new sphere in which he finds himself. These are such as to afford him a greater degree of pleasure than he has probably ever before experienced. Freedom from want, purchased with a moderate use of his physical powers; freedom from social trammels; freedom from the struggles of an emulation founded in vanity or other vitiated desires; from the myriad forms of ruinous and slavish excess which feeling takes in more populous regions, where man's intercourse is more with his fellows, and less with Nature and his God."

Our author seems fully aware of every drawback to the pleasures of a Western life. The miseries of acclimation, the terrors of the pestilence when a long drought scorches the earth, the numerous dangers, and at times the fearful loneliness experienced by those who make their homes on the outskirts of civilization—all are set before us in the strongest colors, with the detail of every appalling feature.

A prairie on fire, and the peril of a solitary family who had reared their cabin there, allured by its beauty, in the delicious, dewy springtime, and now see the whole luxuriant vegetation of the plain dead and dry—converted into a fearful mass of combustible matter encompassing them on all sides, is thus thrillingly described. It occurs in the absence of the husband and father.

"The only window of her cabin looks over the plain; and there she stands gazing as if the daylight rested on it, and she hoped each moment to see the long wished-for object heave in sight. Presently a strange light gleams on the blackened sky! What should it be? not lightning, for it rose instead of falling, and hung longer on the sight than the electric flash. But it is gone!—now again it comes, stronger, and looks as if the bright, fiery sun had lost his place, and without any precursor were rushing up the southern sky. Again it almost disappears; but the faint tinge is soon increased, and a broad glare bursts up which overwhelms that widowed heart. The dreadful truth pierces her very heart, and makes her whole frame tremble. The prairie is on fire! Oh, God! what a conviction! She remembers now that they have talked of prairie fires, and promised themselves much pleasure in beholding them. But she never dreamed of the red demon as an enemy, and one to be encountered in this dreadful solitude.

"Her heart sinks within her. There are no means to avert or escape it. The only living things about her are the children and the faithful dog. The former are sleeping quietly, and the latter sits at her feet gazing in her face with a mute sympathy that brings tears to her eyes. She does not need to look for the light now, for it has gained so that she cannot escape its glare. The wind is bearing the fire almost with its own speed across the immense savannah. She cannot calculate the distance at which she first saw it; but if it were at the extreme southern border, it must, with such a wind, reach her in a few hours, nay, even less!

"But what to do, where to go! She rushes to the door. Merciful Heaven! It is all one sea of dry combustibles around her. Grass, dry grass everywhere! she can find no refuge. The very tree-tops, if she could gain them, with those she is bound to save or perish with, would afford her no protection from such a sea of flame as is roaring yonder! The wind increases, the elements seem to grow madder as the flame approaches, and aggravate its fury. With every blast, it towers and curls, and then, as if enraged at its own impotence, sinks a moment sullenly, to gather strength for a fresh effort.

"There is a large creek about four miles away, and on this the lone woman hangs her last faint hope. The wind will not befriend her, and she can only hope that the waters may arrest the flame. Hapless woman! she little knew the strength of the devastating demon that was let loose that night! A slender thread of water to separate her from such a surging sea of flame! But if it did not protect her! What then? It the last extremity came! what should she do? She could have but few moments to deliberate, after the dreadful foe crossed this line. Bewildered, almost stupified, by the terrors of her condition, she had not waked her children. She had contemplated their dreadful fate alone, almost in silence, and with little action, after she opened the door, and was overpowered with the conviction that to leave the house was even more certain death than to remain.

"Now, when the time grew short, and the hot breath of her relentless foe rushed fiercely around her, she addressed herself rapidly to the care of her little ones; she woke them with much difficulty, and with much more brought them to comprehend the danger that awaited them. One lively boy enjoyed the spectacle, and clapped his hands, and almost maddened his mother by rushing out to get a fairer view of the wonderful scene. But where was the dog, the noble dog, who was her only intelligent friend in this fearful time? Her quick mind had counted on his protection, in case she should escape and were shelterless. But where was he? She stepped to the door; the light was now strong, and revealed distinctly every object. He was nowhere to be seen! She made the wood ring with his name, and presently a low supplicating bark was borne to her ears on the hot wind.

"The fire had crossed the creek, and was tearing its way, like an infuriated demon, up the plain. A few minutes must decide her fate—she fell on her knees, and commended herself and her helpless babes to the mercy of her God; and then rose, calm and collected for the event. She had not, hitherto, contemplated the wonderful scene apart from the dangers with which it was fraught; but now, for the first time, she was struck with its grandeur and sublimity. It was an unbroken line of flame, wide as the eye could reach, mounting, roaring, crackling, and sending up columns of black smoke which, as they rose, became rarer, and rising still higher, were re-illuminated so as to appear another devouring demon sweeping the heavens. Mercy and hope seemed alike cut off by its angry glare. The fiery wall shut out the world behind, except occasionally, when a blast cleft it, it opened upon a black chasm that looked like the funeral vault of nature.

"Scarcely had she taken this brief survey, and noted the nearer approach of the flame, when the dog came bounding to her side, and, with the most earnest petitions, sought her attention without the door. She followed him a few steps, scarcely thinking what she did, but, finding nothing, and seeing him making rapidly for some distant point, she turned back, closed the door, and sat down before the window, to watch the progress of the fire. In an instant he was there, pawing, whining, howling, and, by every means in his power, soliciting her attention. Before she could open the door to admit him he bounded through the window.

"'Merciful God! what have you done? we shall all be consumed—there is no hope now!' He stood at her feet; the strong intelligence of his face fascinated her eye in spite of the danger. What could he mean? In an instant the sagacity of his instinct flashed upon her. To the ploughed field! Yes, there was hope, and there alone. She seized the two younger children in one arm, and almost lifting the other by her hand, she fled along the trodden path, the delighted dog going before, and manifesting his joy by every sign in his power. They gain the fence—the fire is at their heels, it almost blisters their unprotected faces! One or two more leaps, and the herbless ground is gained. The fire has nothing now to feed on, and almost faint with the sudden and certain safety, the exhausted mother drops on the ground among her helpless infants.

"'Merciful Saviour, what an escape!' In a few minutes the flames are besieging the house, the logs, covered with dry bark, are but a morsel in their fierce jaws, the hay-stack takes fire and communicates to the rest of the cabin, and while the great volumes of the fire sweeps among the trees and over the plain, it leaves the heavier materials to be consumed more slowly. Long did the light of the burning home, therefore, blight the eye of the lone woman after the 'prairie fire' had done its worst around her and gone, bearing ruin and devastation, to the northern plains and groves. Worn out by the terrors of the night, she sank into the semblance of sleep, on the naked earth, among her babes, with her faithful protector crouched at her feet.

"She woke in the morning to the dread reality which had been briefly forgotten; but which now broke with stunning force upon her senses. Her children were chilled and hungry. The spot where late their pleasant hearthside shone was a heap of mouldering brands and blackened ashes, with which the morning winds were toying in merry pastime. There was neither food nor shelter! and when she rose to her feet and looked out upon the plain, its strange appearance startled her. It seemed more boundless than ever, and the blackness of desolation brooded over every foot of it. It was clean shorn of every blade of vegetation, and appeared, within the last few hours, to have been blighted with a curse from which the smiles of heaven could scarcely redeem it.

"With faltering steps the unhappy woman gathered her little ones, and prepared to leave their cheerless bed. But whither should they go? there was no house within many miles. Beside her now little roof she had not seen another since they left the last settlement. To seek shelter or bread, therefore, from others was impossible. Her only resource was to search the wasted wood and plain for roots or nuts, or whatever might be left to support life, till her husband's return. The fire of her cabin would warm the shivering babes for one or two days at least, and if help came not then, she must trust herself to the mercies of a journey over the bleak desert.

"Long and intensely this day did her eyes dwell on the wide, black plain! She had no need to look so earnestly, for the most careless glance would have revealed the white cover of the wagon if it had been moving over the dark surface. Noon passed, and brought no signal of mercy. She could see the brown deer leaping timidly over the scorched place, and the grouse wheeling his short, swift flight from place to place; but this was all. Another night of dreadful solitude! exposed to cold and hunger, and to the starved wolf! shelterless, weaponless—the dog their only defence.

"During the day she had found a few of the ground-nuts, which grow quite abundantly in the edge of the grove; with these she fed her little ones; and parting with nearly all her clothing, wrapped them in the scant covering; and with pleasant words, while her heart was bursting, soothed them to sleep, and laid them on the charred turf, to the windward of the smoking pile, while with her noble dog she sat down to watch their slumbers. At intervals for several hours, the wind bore to her aching ears the short, querulous barking of the small prairie wolf, and once or twice her very blood curdled when the shrill dismal howl, by which the large grey wolf summons his neighbors for an attack, resounded over the bleak waste! The night was utterly black. Beyond the little circle, faintly lighted by the wasting embers, nothing could be discerned. Her eyes would not warn her of an enemy within three yards; and as often as she peered into the darkness at every new sound, the faithful dog would nestle to her side and lick her hand, and turn his intelligent eyes toward hers with an expression of sympathy and confidence that cheered her solitary vigil more than she could tell.

"The cold winds howled around her thinly clad frame and chilled it to the core. The noises one by one died away, and, spite of the horrors of her condition, a drowsiness stole over her which she could scarcely resist. Her eyelids drooped, and her shivering body swayed slightly to and fro, when the smouldering ends of the logs tumbled into a new position, and sent upwards a volume of shining, crackling sparks, which roused her sinking energies and braced her for another hour's watching. At last the darkness became profoundly silent! Save the steady pressure of the wind, not a sound was heard. The nocturnal wanderers seemed to have withdrawn to their haunts, and left nature to the undisputed reign of night. Chilled, and faint with fatigue and fasting, the lonely watcher could no longer preserve her wakefulness; she curled her shivering form close to the sleeping babes, and left the vigil to the faithful dog.

"It was stupor rather than sleep that locked her faculties till the cry for food recalled them. The fire was diminishing; the sun was up, but he looked coldly through a mass of leaden vapor that was crowding up the south eastern sky. The whole heavens were curtained with the still, sullen mass which threatened every moment to descend in rain. A few hours before, she had thought her condition could scarcely be aggravated. But the impending storm was little less to be dreaded, in their feeble state, than the terrible foe which had exposed them to it. Her limbs were stiff and full of pain; her brain reeled; and her sight became dim, as she rose to her feet and prepared to search the grove once more for something to sustain life in her hungry children.

"Her own desire for food was gone; she would have loathed the most tempting viands. But when the little ones hung upon her garments and begged for bread, she summoned her fainting limbs to one more effort; and, taking a direction which had not been tried before, she found, after a long and painful search, a few stalks of the ground nut, which her feeble hands with difficulty removed from their firm hold upon the soil. The roots of these afforded a morsel wherewith to still the cries that pierced her heart. And when there was no farther hope, and her limbs tottered beneath her, and strange racking pains wrung her worn body, she hastened back to the spot which still seemed home, though nought of home was there, and felt, if her hour were come, it were better to lie down and perish by those consecrated ashes, than in the cheerless wood. A drizzling rain was falling when she reached the spot, and threatened to increase. It would be impossible to preserve the fire long; but pushing the brands together, she gathered her trembling little ones about her knees, and, between her periods of agony, sought to impress their memories with the terrible events that had befallen them. She endeavored to make the eldest boy comprehend that he might be the only narrator whom his father would find, should he ever return, and left many tender messages for him and for her first-born. With pallid, tearful face, he promised to do as she desired; but urged her to tell him where she would be when his father came, and whether his little brothers were going with her, to leave him all alone.

"The rain increased, and their drenched garments gave the chilling blast redoubled power. The embers hissed and blackened, and soon refused to warm the shaking group. Like the pangs of death grew the mother's agony!—as certain and relentless! And there, beside the reeking ruins of her home, the black earth beneath, and the pitiless storm above, there alone, her only attendants the helpless children and the dog, who sat at her head, and seemed almost to weep over her writhing form, the hapless woman gave birth to a little being, whose eyes never opened to the desolation of its natal hour!

"Long did the mother lie unconscious alike of the terror-stricken cries of the children, and the mourning caresses of her dumb friend. The day was far advanced when her eyes opened on the dreadful scene. The cold rain was pouring steadily down, and twilight seemed to her faint eyes to be creeping over the earth. A pleasant sound was ringing in her ears, but it was either a dream, or its import had faded from her mind before it was fully grasped. She made an effort to rise, but fell senseless. Once again, her eyes opened, and this time it was no illusion. The eldest of her little watchers was shouting in her ear, 'Mother, I see father's wagon;' and there indeed it was, close at hand, before his untrained eye had discovered it. All day it had been toiling across the black prairie! The rain had softened the turf, and the wheels sank without cutting it; so that the last few miles had been inconceivably tedious. The mourning garb of the plain had struck the hearts of both father and son with indescribable terror. The former would have left his slow team and flown across it, but his son had charge of the cow, and this was impossible. More alarmed and excited as he advanced, he was still obliged to restrain his intense feelings, and accommodate his progress to the slow motion of the tired cattle. Night drew on before the desolation of his home was revealed to him. When within about a mile, he should have discovered the house, but all was a level waste! Unable longer to endure the torture, he sprang forward, leaving the animals to follow as they chose. He flew, he shouted, and the dog bounded to meet the well-known voice. When the boy saw the wagon, the father had just left it, so that even as he repeated the joyful tidings, the stricken man stood over them, half-stupified by the effort to comprehend the nature and extent of his calamities.

"A group of perishing children, an infant corpse, a dying wife! and all, all gone, wherewith to minister even the decent ceremonies of such a period. Oh, how bitterly his heart cursed the day when he trusted the treacherous beauty that invited him there. He raised the dying woman in his arms; the soul was on her glazing eye, and the faint fluttering at her wrist foretold the last and worst that could befal him! Slowly, word by word, she told her agonizing tale. He threw his garments over her and wiped the rain-drops from her face, and drew her to his heart. But the cold, dew returned and told that storm or shelter would be soon the same to her. He prayed her forgiveness, and with wild, incoherent words, accused himself of her cruel murder. She vindicated him from these accusations with all her little strength, and with many messages for her absent son, and many prayers for her dear children and their father, she resigned her breath, just as the last light was fading from the western sky.

"She had begged that her tomb might be made on the site of the burned cabin. And there, when he had watched two days and nights by her unsheltered corpse, and hewn a rough coffin to receive her and her untimely babe, she was deposited. The grave was a rude hollow, scooped with sticks and the hands of the widowed husband and his sons. The preparations were completed, and the dead lowered on the afternoon of the second day. At midnight a troop of famished wolves attacked the holy spot, and but for the rifle of the husband, would have torn its sacred contents from their rude repose. The next day he felled the nearest trees, and laid them in the form of a vault on the spot. And this it is that greets the traveller's eye so many miles away on the untenanted prairie!

"The grove has since retired and left the tomb alone! a bold and solitary mark on the high line of the horizon. The plain below is still unchanged. It is the same rich, green expanse in summer; the same bleak, howling waste in winter. It is now skirted with farms under the edge of the woodlands.

"One cabin has sprung up in its midst, on the bank of the stream. But it is forsaken and dilapidated. Its door is gone, and the rough planks which made the floor have been used as fuel, by emigrants who have encamped near it. Its small cellar yawns dismally in the face of the curious traveller who looks within."

The following extract presents a picture of voluntary degradation, such as we do not find where the restraints of society and the spur of public opinion supply the defects of individual character. This golden freedom in which our author so luxuriates, has a delightful and inspiriting effect upon such as have a spring of action and a governing power within themselves, but the indolent and low-minded enjoy their emancipation in ways not so pleasant. You are reminded of Hazlitt's rather startling as-

sertion that "Vanity and luxury are the civilizers and sweeteners of life." Certainly a modicum of vanity and a little love of luxury would wonderfully improve this condition of wilful poverty.

"The house was one of the meanest description of cabins. It turned its back upon the road, and showed only a fanlight window, or rather sash; for soon after I first saw it, the third was broken out, and the fourth so fractured that its continuance seemed extremely doubtful. A patchwork quilt of blue jeans and red flannel was hung across the aperture a few days after, and never removed while I remained in the country. Directly beneath this, against the wall, which was on a line with the fence, was a green pool of about the dimensions of the house. It was of artificial construction, and redounded not a little to the taste of some eight or ten large swine, who delighted their senses in its aromatic depths, at the same time that they regaled those of by-passers.

"The entrance to the house was in the rear. A low kind of shantee projected from the door several feet back, which served for pantry, milk-house, pig-pen, poultry-house, and possibly stable in winter. In the right angle between these was the well, just far enough from the corner to be visible in passing. The ground around this was the great theatre of action for mother and children. I never knew the exact number of the latter, but if called to testify in any matter concerning them, I should say the minimum was eight, the maximum double that number. I rarely saw less than the former, sporting away the morning of life, in their rags and filth, on the banks of the verdant pool, or the hard-trodden ground around the well. Their dress and complexions were so uniform that I could never distinguish but one of them, a girl of some twelve years, whose face was always a little dirtier, her hair a little stiffer, and her clothes a shade nearer the color of the earth in which she burrowed. When any one approached the house, they all scampered like a herd of wild animals into the angle between the cabins, and peeped around the corners as long as the traveler was in sight. A general yell and shout announced his disappearance and their return to the several amusements from which they had fled.

"The father of this family was a man of sense and much general information; his morals were unimpeachable, and his character commanded so much respect, that he was proposed for one of the highest offices in the county. His election was lost in consequence of some local division, not at all connected with the degraded condition of his family. He had a fine farm, valuable horses, and other property, and, away from home, appeared as well as any of his neighbors who lived more comfortably. His means would have enabled him to build a good house, surround it with cultivated grounds, and furnish it with every requisite for neatness and comfort. Had such physical degradation been the result of extreme poverty, the case would have excited compassion instead of curiosity or disgust. But it was not so.

"It may be asked, then, what was the cause? It was not that the parties were misers, and hoarded their gains; for their means were spent freely to procure whatever they deemed necessary to comfort. What, then, was it? Merely the incapacity of the mistress of this family to appreciate a better condition, or help to create one. I afterwards saw many cases of a like mode of living, and am bound, in fairness, to say, that the credit was due in nearly every one to the females."

Notwithstanding all these blots upon the fair face of Western life, Mrs. Farnham has evidently been most impressed by its pleasant aspect. We give in conclusion her own words of eulogy, as expressing comprehensively her favorable opinion of "the great and generous land" that is the subject of her book.

"I loved the country, and when compelled to return to the crowded and dusty marts of the East, I did so with many and deep regrets; and these still linger and mingle largely with the emotions of my life. The writing of these sketches has, therefore, been a labor of love. While engaged upon them, I have lived again in the land of my heart. I have seen the grasses wave, and felt the winds and listened to the birds, and watched the springing flowers, and exulted in something of the old sense of freedom which these conferred upon me. Visions, prophetic of the glory and greatness which are to be developed here, have dwelt in my mind and exalted it above the narrow personal cares of life."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1846.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00	PER ANNUM.
3 COPIES,	$5,00	" "
8 "	$10.00	" "
17 "	$20,00	" "

The money must always be sent in advance.

Small Notes of solvent Banks received in payment at par.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine" will be sent one year each.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine." Or two copies of the "Saturday Evening Post," and one copy of "Sears' Magazine."

We will send one copy of Graham's elegant Magazine and two copies of the Saturday Evening Post for $5. Or five copies of the Saturday Evening Post and two copies of Graham's Magazine for $10.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many poems that are inadmissible on account of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short tolerable piece will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

THE MONTH OF JUNE is accepted.

THE LIGHT UPON THE NORTHERN HILLS.—We do not think that our friend has succeeded as well as usual in this last contribution, and have some doubt whether we should advance his reputation by publishing it.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Among the numerous inventions by which individuals in modern times have striven to blunt the edge of misfortune and pain, few perhaps have been more successful than the Insurance Company. If modern science has not been able entirely to guard the dwellings of men from the danger of fire or the chances of the tempest, it has succeeded in rendering the consequences of its failure in these respects comparatively unimportant, by insuring to every prudent man a recompense for any loss that he may from these causes sustain. And although in cases of very extensive fires, like that which recently desolated Pittsburg, the Insurance Companies may not be able to comply with their engagements, yet these are exceptions that only go to prove that this, like every other plan and device of men, is like man himself, even in his best estate, not altogether perfect and infallible.

But although the usefulness of Insurance Companies has been too palpable not to have commended them at once to intelligent and liberal-minded men, yet such is the prejudice which many manifest towards new discoveries, and the disinclination that a still larger number feel to abandon the paths in which their fathers before them have trod, that it is only within late years that their importance seems to have been adequately estimated by the community at large. Merchants, as it was to be supposed, were the first to avail themselves of this antidote against risk, and for a long time every merchant in our large cities has looked upon the insurance of his stock of goods, as a matter as little to be neglected as the regular payment of his obligations. But the farming community have been to a great degree unaware until late years, of the importance of thus guarding against the unforseen and often irresistible attacks of the elements. Within a comparatively short time, however, mutual insurance companies have sprung up in many country neighborhoods, and there is now every prospect that in a few years there will be hardly a house or barn in the whole extent of our land uninsured. And surely if it be a laudable thing in our country friends, to contribute to build anew the dwelling or the barn that has been destroyed by the flames, the carelessness that neglects the formation of companies, the members of which in effect pledge themselves to assist each other in case of the occurrence of such calamities, can hardly be excused. We acknowledge there is something beautiful in that voluntary charity, which hands out liberally where there is, in one sense, no claim; but there is greater beauty where the sufferer receives as a right, and not as a favor, that which his neighbors should be ashamed to withhold.

Besides, in the case of a company, the loss is divided more equally, and the willing horse is not compelled to draw the greater part of the load. For instance, a relative of ours said to us the other day, when speaking upon this subject: "Two barns were burnt down the other day, and my contribution as a member of our company was only two or three dollars; while a short time before, upon the occasion of a single barn being destroyed, belonging to a person not insured, I was expected to give my five dollars. *Now*, if he had belonged to the company, each man would have paid his share in proportion to the amount he had insured, and the burden being divided would be oppressive to none."

We trust, therefore, that if there yet be any neighborhoods where the inhabitants are not in the habit of insuring, and where, in fact, there are no companies, that they will be organized without delay, upon the mutual principle. By establishing them in this simple way, not collecting anything of importance from the members except as the necessities of the company in the repairing of losses require, paying very small if any salaries to their officers, and doing every thing in an economical manner, institutions will be permanently organized that may be productive of incalculable blessings to the community.

And in cases where such companies are already established, we would most earnestly urge upon our readers the duty, as it may be properly termed, of joining them, and thus securing their property in a great degree from the chances of destruction. When we hear of a house being burnt to the ground, the owner of which is not insured, we are almost tempted to exclaim, that he has only received the reward of his carelessness or folly. *For*, really, it seems to us, that the advantages of insuring are so plain and even self-evident, that it scarcely needs a second thought. Insure then by all means, and take in this way a guarantee from Fate—then be it dry or damp, or blow the winds high or low, you are secure.

CAPTAIN MAY.

A late number of the Ledger contains the following description of this gentleman, for which they are indebted to a Baltimore correspondent. The old adage, that "extremes meet," is verified in the fact that the non resistants, the most peaceful, and the officers of the army, the most warlike of our citizens, are alike partial to long beards and hair. It had been noticed some time ago, that all the reforms of the day "seemed to run into hair," but now that the military fever is thus beginning to manifest itself, we are fearful that the "crop-heads," thus attacked both in front and in rear, will have to give ground, and yield up the realm of Fashion to the sons of Esau.

"You have seen the personal description of Capt. May, given in a New Orleans paper. It scarcely comes up to the man. He is over six feet high, wears his hair long, so that it nearly reaches his hips; his beard falls below his sword belt, and his moustache is unshorn. He is a splendid rider. It was this that first attracted the attention of General Jackson, who, seeing him galloping along the streets in Washington, standing in his stirrups, and presenting the personification of a knight of the ancient days of chivalry, sent for him, and gave him a commission of cornet. He was in the Florida war, and many are the deeds of daring done there told of him. He rose rapidly to distinction, and he owes to his services in that war his present commission of Captain. It will interest some of your fair readers to hear that he was crossed in love some years ago. Since that time he has never allowed his hair or beard to be touched by a barber. Such is the story told of him.

"I have seen a letter from the camp at Matamoras, with a sketch of 'Captain May making his charge.' It is a most spirited and life-like thing. The Mexican batteries are at work, carrying destruction into the ranks of the Americans; the second platoon of the cavalry has been swept down; their horses and riders are lying together, 'heaped and pent.' May is in advance of them all, on his noble black steed, standing up in the stirrups, his head bent forward, his long hair streaming out behind like the tail of a comet, and his whole appearance from the head, looking like one of those celestial visitants. It is a most striking and animated sketch, and gives to those who see it a vivid idea of that most gallant and brilliant achievement."

GENERAL GAINES.

The Washington Union says that Gen. Gaines' course, in calling out 12,000 volunteers, has been altogether unauthorized and illegal. Gen. Taylor was authorized to call for State troops, if necessary, and Gen. Gaines was informed that Gen. Taylor's command was entirely independent of him, and that the Government did not conceive that there could be thereafter any occasion to send into Texas State troops, *unless on Gen. Taylor's notification.* The orders of Gen. Gaines have all been countermanded, and the Government has been compelled to decline the services of the troops called out by Gen. G.'s requisition. Many of these persons left their homes and business at great sacrifices; expenses have been incurred by themselves, or on their account, and it is sincerely hoped that Congress will make provision for these expenses. Without such a provision they cannot be paid. In consequence of this irregular action, Gen. Gaines has been removed from the command of the Western Division. In announcing this fact, the Union pays the following compliment to the former services of Gen. G.

"Gen. Gaines is an old soldier, who has done, in former years, good service; it is very desirable he should repose in quietness upon his laurels. However unregulated his conduct, few, very few are disposed to question his intentions, or to deny him the merit of patriotic motives. Government here has been and still is strongly inclined to give the most favorable interpretation to his conduct that the circumstances will permit; but in view of the difficulties of restraining his irregular action by orders at so great a distance, the embarrassments his course has already produced, and, if continued in his present position, will be likely to produce, it has been constrained, from high considerations of duty, and a sacred regard to the public interest, to remove him from the command of the Western Division, and to order him to repair forthwith to Washington. Considering his extraordinary course, and the mischief it has already produced, his best friends will, we trust, be convinced that no milder course could have been pursued towards him."

ENLISTMENTS.

The enlistments appear to be progressing with considerable rapidity throughout the country. By the way, we are surprised to find that two or three gentlemen of this city, whom we could name, "an' we would," who are generally foremost to espouse their country's cause in the newspapers and at public meetings, not only have not enlisted but show no disposition to do so. Why, judging from the well known chivalrous character of these gentlemen, we expected to have heard of them before this time on the bloody plain of war with, as the poet says,

"Their face to the field and their back to the foe."

(We fear we have not got this quotation exactly right, but it is something like it.) But on the contrary they appear to be so wrapped up in their usual avocations that they cannot spare the time to vindicate their country's cause. We suppose, however, that it is as necessary to have those who are willing to serve their country by a sacrifice of their natural modesty at public meetings, as it is to have soldiers—and we think it very probable that one or two individuals we could mention, would stand the gaze of ten thousand eyes at a gathering of the people, with less embarrassment than perhaps even General Taylor himself.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

Just before going to press we received advices from Washington, that the President had submitted to the Senate a new proposition from the British Government. The proposition is, we believe, essentially as follows: That the boundary line shall be the forty-ninth degree of latitude, giving Great Britain the whole of Vancouver's Island, and the free navigation of the Columbia by the Hudson Bay Company until the expiration of their charter. The free navigation of the Straits of Fuca, and the free use of the bays and inlets of Vancouver's Island, to be allowed to the United States for the same period, with some other privileges not heretofore expected by the advocates of the forty-ninth degree. The President asks the advice of the Senate. We congratulate our readers upon the prospect of the speedy settlement of this vexed question.

TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

The Temperance men had a splendid celebration in the city of New York last Tuesday. The grand procession is supposed to have numbered twenty thousand. Everything went off brilliantly and harmoniously. Success to the good cause.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

FIVE DAYS LATER.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 2nd inst. contains advices from Vera Cruz up to the 25th of May. The barque Louisiana, which brought the intelligence, sailed in company with the Helen McLeod, *leaving no American vessels in port.*

The blockade of Vera Cruz commenced on the 20th, and fifteen days were allowed all neutral vessels in port to load and depart. The American Consul's office has to be closed, and all American citizens to leave by the 26th of May, or on that day. Mr. Diamond, our Consul, expected to embark on board the steam frigate Mississippi.

The frigate Raritan returned on the 25th, and a sloop being found lying off port, got off in haste to prevent being seized. The day they sailed news reached Vera Cruz, that at Mazatlan, Leipsic had declared against the Government. Gen. Alvarez was still carrying on his hostile preparations in the South part of the department of Mexico. A report was in circulation that Gen. Paredes intended to leave the city of Mexico, at the head of more troops, to reinforce the army of the North.

The animosity existing against Americans was increased by news of the two actions of the 8th and 9th. In consequence of the enormous forced loans which the Government had imposed upon the clergy, the latter had declared themselves totally unable to get the Metropolitan churches prepared to furnish the subsidies, $96,000 per month. The churches of Mechoican $35,000; of Puebla $40,000; of Guadiliagura $20,000; of Durango, $15,000; of Oaquco $8,000. These great sums per month show that President Paredes is determined to prosecute the war with energy.

Signor Gomez, of Durias, has been arrested by the government.

General Almonte made a formal resignation of his mission to France. In regard to Paredes putting himself at the head of the army, *El Republicano* says:—It is uncertain whether he will repair to the Rio Grande or Vera Cruz. He would leave the Capitol as soon as Congress assembled.

Full accounts of the disastrous actions of the 8th and 9th had been received at the capital, and appeared in the official journal. They are more accurate than Mexican bulletins generally are, and do credit to Arista.

The news was received with regret, but with a determination to fight the war out.

The contractor of supplies for the American squadron had been forbidden, by the Vera Cruz authorities to furnish them with more.

El Expectandor, of the 24th ult., published in the city of Mexico, gives a description of the kind of war the Mexican government proposes to carry on against the United States. It is to be a Guerilla war. No pitched battles to be fought—the whole country to be laid waste; our troops harrassed, and all supplies cut off. The Mexicans are well skilled in this mode of warfare. It will, therefore, be necessary for our government to organize our forces in large bodies, and to advance into Mexico without delay, otherwise the war will be protracted for years.

A PROCLAMATION.

Since General Houston has risen again in the world, a Missouri paper has dragged out from its obscurity the following proclamation, published a number of years ago, when the General had made himself, by his *peculiarities*, the subject of a great many stories, both true and false.

"Whereas, I have recently seen a publication originating in the Cherokee Nation, east of the Mississippi, dated '18th May, 1841,' and signed 'I. S.,' which said publication or letter has been republished in several newspapers, such as the Kentucky Reporter, United States Telegraph, &c., and as I presume it will find a general circulation, notwithstanding the absurd personalities which it contains, and as it is not the first which has found its way into the public prints, containing ridiculous and unfounded abuse of me:

"Now, know all men by these presents, that I, Sam Houston, late Governor of the State of Tennessee, do hereby declare to all *scoundrels whomsoever*, that they are authorised to accuse, defame, calumniate, traduce, slander, villify and libel me, to any extent, in *personal or private abuse.* And I do further proclaim to whomsoever it may concern, that they are hereby *permitted and authorized* to write, indite, print, publish and circulate the same, and that I will in *nowise* hold them responsible to me in law, nor honor, for either the use of the '*raw material*' or the *fabrication* of any or all the above named articles, connected with the 'American system,' nor will I have recourse to *nullification* in any case whatever, whereby conviction would secure to the culprits the dignity of a penitentiary residence. And as some ingenuity has already been displayed in the exhibition of specimens, and others may be induced to invest a small *capital* in the business, from feelings of exultation and an itching after experiments; be it known for the especial encouragement of scoundrels hereafter, as well as those who have already been engaged, that I do solemnly promise on the first day of April next, to give to the author of the most elegant, refined, ingenious lie or calumny, a handsome gilt copy (bound in sheep,) of the Kentucky Reporter, or a snug plain copy of the U. S. Telegraph (bound in dog,) since its commencement.

"Given under my hand and seal, (having no seal of office,) at Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, 13th July, 1831.

"SAM. HOUSTON, (L. S.)"

EARLY INFLUENCES.

"Bring up a child, and *away he'll go*," said the old woman, and we were forcibly reminded of the saying as we were walking along the street a short time since.

A large, coarse-looking woman was approaching us leading a little boy by the hand. We could not hear what the little fellow was saying, but he evidently was either asking questions, or commenting upon something he had seen, in the rather tiresome manner for which children are famous.

As we passed, however, the woman, evidently one not given to much exercise of patience, said sharply, "oh, hold your jaw!" We could not see what effect such a speech had upon the boy,—very likely not much, for, most probably, he was used to them; but as we walked on we could not but recall the *amended* proverb with which we began this article—"Bring up a child, and *away he'll go.*"

Yes, truly, bring up a child in this fashion, and away he will go—away to the tavern, to the theatre, to the dance-house, for social pleasures not to be found at home—to dissipation of all kinds, and finally, to a drunkard's or felon's grave. The force of early education upon the mind is almost irresistible; and very good and pure, naturally, must that heart be, which can preserve its sweetness and purity exposed to harsh and unfeeling influences. As the plant becomes sickly and yellow when the light of the sun shines not upon it, and the air that surrounds it is tainted and corrupt, so does the human heart grow sour and jaundiced if the sun of love do not gladden it with its beams, and the fresh air of cheerfulness and peace envelope it with a congenial atmosphere.

INCIDENT AT THE FAIR.

The Washington correspondent of the Inquirer relates the following anecdote of one of his visits to the National Fair—he forgets to say, however, that upon further examination he found, beside the hole through his hat, several very large ones through his heart, occasioned, no doubt, by the numerous bright glances he alludes to.

"This being the last day of the Fair, there was a real *jam* from morning till night. The ladies, swarmed like bees, and several old bachelors went almost beside themselves at the sight of so much loveliness. It the evening your humble servant was most grossly deceived in the manner following. He found himself, for some reason or other, a special object of attention, and more than a dozen times he caught the glances of beautiful ladies fastened upon him. He went home quite satisfied with himself, and thought his chance extremely good, in case he should ever become a widower. But, alas! the tell-tale mirror revealed the fact that in leaning over to examine some of the articles at the exhibition, he had burnt a large hole in the brim of his leghorn hat! This explained the whole mystery of the smiles and soft looks. Oh, what disappointments are we poor mortals subjected to!"

OLD ENOUGH.

The New Orleans Delta tells of a young lady—blooming as a rose-bud, lovely as a Houri—of sweet seventeen—but as unsophisticated as a boarding school education could make her, who being at the house of a friend of the family, the conversation turned on the Oregon question, when she very ingeniously remarked:

"Pa goes for 54° 40' because he says he's in favor of the whole or none. Ma says she'd take 49°, because she's in favor of peace. I would not like to take any one older than Harry Bloomfield, and he's but *twenty-five.*"

PEACE ADDRESS.

The following address to the women of Philadelphia, has been received in this city from over sixteen hundred women of Exeter, England:

BELOVED FRIENDS AND SISTERS,

The suggestion of friendly international addresses, in order to deprecate war and create a pacific spirit, having been extensively approved and its adoption pressed upon all classes, we trust it will not be deemed unseemly in Women to seek, by the same means, to influence their American Sisters in the Cause of Religion and Peace.

It may not be within our province to judge of the merits of the question now at issue between our respective Governments, but we must all feel how greatly to be dreaded would be a resort to arms on any subject. Let us then, beloved Sisters, unite together, though separated by the mighty deep, in using the influence we possess, which is not powerless, though exerted chiefly around the domestic hearth; let us seek to infuse into the minds of our husbands, our fathers, our sons, and our brothers, and of all around us, a spirit of amity and concord, whispering peace wherever the sounds of discord are heard; and let us, as mothers, watch over the opening minds of our tender offspring; and point out to them that the way to true honor is not through fields of battle, but through the enlightened straight forward course of justice and equity prescribed by the Gospel of "*Peace on earth, and good will towards men.*"

You and we have a common ancestry, and are bound together by innumerable ties of consanguinity and mutual interest, surely then we ought to be united in the bonds of Christian love. How shall those whose interests require the maintainance of closest friendship, who ought to love as brethren, meet on the field of battle to destroy each other.

Above all, let us unite in prayers to the Great Lord of the Universe, who turneth the hearts of the children of men, that He will dispose the Rulers of both Countries, to a pacific adjustment of their national differences, that so the reciprocal benefits of friendly intercourse may still be maintained, and that, under the benign influence of peace, the cause of Religion and Virtue may prosper, and these two great Nations perform their part in promoting the advance of that blissful period, foretold by the Prophet, when nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, and the people shall learn war no more.

With sentiments of sincere good will,
We remain
Your Friends and Sisters,
Rachael Sparks, Elizabeth Knott,
Maria Sheppard, and 1620 others.

NEWS OF PEACE.

The following from the New York Journal of Commerce, conveys a vivid idea of the joy with which the tidings of peace being restored, was received at the close of the last war. We do not remember it ourselves, but doubtless very many of our readers can bear witness to the truth of what is here set down:

"Years ago the office of the old Gazette was in Hanover Square, near the corner of Pearl street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 13th, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour only Alderman Cebra and another gentleman were left with father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak. "He has great news," exclaimed Mr. Lang. Presently the pilot, gasping for breath, whispered intelligibly, "*Peace! peace!*" The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say, "An English sloop-of-war is below with news of a treaty of peace." They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in greater words than he ever used before or after. All hands rushed into Hanover Square, crying "Peace! *peace!* PEACE!" The windows flew up, for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace, than the windows began to glow with brilliant illuminations. The cry of "Peace! *peace!* PEACE!" spread through the city at the top of all voices. An old man in Broadway, who was attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down a placard, "To Let," which had long been posted up. Never was there such joy in the city. A few evenings after, there was a general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep and soaked with rain, yet the streets were crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the sight or taste of Peace."

GREAT MOGULS.

A correspondent of the Woonsocket Patriot, who writes in a dashing, impudent style, thus sketches off some of those whom he terms the Great Moguls of Wall Street, New York. His notice of the poet Halleck is not very flattering, but it is his account, not ours; and our readers may laugh or scowl at the presumption of the fellow, who dares to talk in this manner of one of his country's favorite poets, as they choose.

"That tall, good-looking gentleman, with his thumb carelessly hung in the arm-hole of his vest, is JACOB LITTLE;—one of the most eminent capitalists and bankers in New York. He's got an eye keener than an Argus, and can tell whether stocks will rise or fall as accurately as the barometer tells the state of the weather. There—that dignified and courteous gentleman with gold spectacles, who stands on the steps twirling an ivory-headed cane, who do you think it is? Why, CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE, to be sure, of the Custom House—a wealthy man and shrewd politician. And here, this spruce, dashing fellow, coming round the corner of William street, is FITZGREEN HALLECK, the private secretary of John Jacob Astor. See how hurriedly he walks! dreamily like a poet, as he certainly is, but with a downright business-like air. Blow the fellow! he's forgotten all those poetical tropes, passions and fancies expressed in 'Marco Bozzaris,' and prefers to be the lackey of a millionaire, rather than a song-god in the garden of Hesperides. He's just come down town to inquire how stocks, insurances and the like are going, and will then return with the intelligence to Astor,—who, if unfortunate, will probably go into an apoplectic fit. Fitz Green can then fan him with his coat-tail."

THE DEVIL IN CHURCH.

We take the following curious, old Monkish legend from "Glimpses of the Dark Ages," a work recently published.

"Once, whilst St. Martin was saying mass, St. Britius, whose name hath retained a place in the Protestant calendar, officiated as deacon, and behind the altar he espied the devil busily employed in writing down on a slip of parchment, as long as a proctor's bill, all the sins which the congregation were actually committing. Now St. Martin's congregation was any thing but serious, they buzzed and giggled, and the men looked upwards, and the women did not look down, and were guilty of so many transgressions, that the devil soon filled one side of his parchment with short-hand notes from top to bottom, and was forced to turn it. This side was also soon covered with writing. The devil was now in sad perplexity; he could not stomach losing a sin, he could not trust his memory, and he had no more parchment about him. He therefore clenched one end of the scroll with his claws and took the other between his teeth, and pulled it as hard as he could, thinking that it would stretch. The unelastic material gave way and broke. He was not prepared for this, so his head flew back and bumped against the wall. St. Britius was wonderfully amused by the devil's disaster; he laughed heartily, and incurred the momentary displeasure of St. Martin, who did not at first see what was going forward. St. Britius explained, and St. Martin took care to improve the accident for the edification of his hearers."

SINGULAR STORY.

One of the Vera Cruz papers hints that the lamented Colonel Cross came to his death by the hands of a Mexican laborer. It avers that the Col. was in the habit of visiting the laborer's hut, where he paid very significant attentions to the latter's wife. The latter found it necessary, it says, to throw the Colonel into the river with a weight attached, so as to make him sink to the bottom. The Mexican then crossed the river with his wife, and took the watch, arms, and other trinkets belonging to the Colonel.

We give this for what it is worth, without placing ourselves much reliance upon it.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The first connection from Washington to New York by Magnetic Telegraph was made on last Saturday afternoon. The event is of sufficient importance for record, as an interesting item in the history of this wonderful invention. The Boston line will be open in a few weeks, and the line to Buffalo, which unites with it at Springfield, will probably be open by the middle of July. So important is the opening of this connection deemed in Boston, that preparations are being made to publicly celebrate it.

WOOL AND WHEAT.

The True Democrat, published at Ann Arbor, Michigan, says that wool "begins to make its appearance in our streets, and we sincerely regret that higher prices are not offered for it. The price ranges from eighteen to thirty cents, according to quality. Few lots will command higher prices than twenty-five cents.

"The prospects of the wheat crop throughout the State, were never more flattering at this season of the year than they are at present. The price of wheat in this village is sixty-two and a half cents."

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

A correspondent of the Lowell Journal vouches for the truth of the following:—"There are two men now boarding at the American House, (a hotel in that city,) who have boarded there one year and a half, *and sleep in the same bed*, who have never spoken to each other, and do not know each other."

If he had added never *kicked* each other, it would have made it still more wonderful.

Notices of New Works.

CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN, *by Miss Pardoe.* This is No. 84 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. It has surely a most taking title, and we can imagine the eagerness with which our bachelor friends, especially, will peruse its pages. As for the married men, they hear so many confessions from at least one pretty woman, that their appetite will not be so keen for its perusal,—still they will have occasion to read it in order to ascertain how nearly pretty women's confessions resemble one another.

MEDICAL WORKS.—We infer that the Medical Profession must be in a flourishing condition, from the fact that we have this week, upon our table, no less than three serials appertaining to the practice, viz: the June numbers of The Medical Examiner, and The Bulletin of Medical Science, and part 15 of The Dictionary of Practical Medicine, published by the Harpers.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, *by Thomas Moore. Vol. 2.* To Irishmen, and the descendants of Irishmen, of whom we have not a few in this country, this book will be a treasure, going, as it does, into the minute details of Irish history. *Lea & Blanchard* are the publishers.

CHRONICLES OF "THE FLEET." *By a Peripatetician. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.* This book contains two stories of adventures connected with the old Fleet Prison in London. It appears to abound with incident and interest.

SERIALS.—No. 13 of Harper's Illustrated edition of The Wandering Jew, and No. 17 of Frost's Pictorial History of the World, have been received.

From the Seat of War

NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

MATAMORAS TAKEN.

The following account of the taking of Matamoras is derived from the New Orleans papers.

On the morning of the 17th ult., about sunrise, Gen. Ampudia gave the signal that he wished a parley with Gen. Taylor. He sent over to the camp a person, and requested of Gen. Taylor the granting of an armistice. To this Gen. Taylor replied, "Sir, the time for asking an armistice is passed; you should have thought of this before; it is now too late to think of such a thing." Gen. Ampudia then desired a suspension of hostilities. This, also, Gen. Taylor positively refused. He had brought out all his cannon to the front, and was determined they should render some service, at the same time pointing to the cannon and its position. Gen. Ampudia then asked Gen. Taylor if in surrendering the town he would be allowed to except the Government property. Gen Taylor replied "no," and that he intended to take the town at 8 A. M. the next day.

Ampudia then retired, and Gen. Taylor marched his forces up to Fort Brown, and at daylight commenced crossing the river. No resistance was offered by the Mexicans on the bank of the river, and it is said many of them assisted in landing the boats. One officer, a lieutenant, was drowned in crossing the river. After crossing they were met by a number of Mexican officers, who desired to know of Gen. Taylor if they could retain the Government property. Gen. Taylor replied "that he wanted all the town." The American forces then marched into the place, and Adjutant Bliss rode up to the fort and sounding the parley, demanded the surrender of the town. He was asked if the Government property would be excepted. He replied "that nothing could be retained, all must be surrendered."

The Mexican flag was immediately hauled down, and the star-spangled banner was run up in its stead.

The citizens joined loudly in the cheering of the army. A sufficient force was then placed in the fort, and the army, after moving through the town, drew off and encamped in the vicinity. Not a gun was fired.

On arriving at the City, it was discovered that Arista had departed with his forces, leaving only the mounted battery; all the mortars, and such of the military apparatus as could not be removed in their haste to escape, were thrown into the wells. A party from our army went out to reconnoitre immediately after the entrance into Matamoras, and overtook a portion of the Mexicans, who were retreating, twenty-two of whom were made prisoners. It is understood that Arista's head-quarters are at P. San Fernando, about ninety miles from Matamoras.

Another account says that Arista retreated to Rimoso, where he is now encamped, waiting a reinforcement from Paredes, who, it is now reported is on his way thither with 15,000 men. This last, however, is not authentic. The general impression is that Arista intends centreing his forces at Rimoso, and when he receives a sufficient reinforcement from Paredes that he will renew hostilities.

Gen. Taylor, like a true American officer, gave orders to his army not to take the slightest article without paying for its actual value. The citizens of Matamoras were permitted to go on with their business as usual, with the exception of selling liquors.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 30th, contains a letter from Point Isabel, dated 26th ultimo. It gives some interesting items. The writer says that Fort Polk is now a complete museum, filled with Mexican prisoners, mules, ladies' saddles, curiously wrought leather pack saddles, huge saddle-bags, muskets, drums, ordnance, copper cannon balls, grape shot, letters and all kinds of documents, picked up on the ground where Ampudia was encamped. One of the officers who was in the two engagements of the 8th and 9th, says that the supper which the Mexicans, in their confidence, had prepared for themselves, and which they were obliged so suddenly to abandon, afforded a rich repast to our tired and hungry officers and men, who pronounced their liquors, chocolate, soup, roast beef, &c, to have been first rate.

It is announced that Ampudia's plate, which was valuable, was promptly returned to him.

Most of the wounded had been taken to Corpus Christi.

Capt. Page, whose under jaw had been shot away is in a fair way of recovery.

Capt Hooe was walking about with the stump of his right arm dangling by his side, and appeared to be in excellent humor.

Col. McIntosh, who was badly wounded, was stretched out yesterday morning in a Mexican wagon, trying to read. He was stabbed in the throat, or rather down the throat in the neck, and other parts of his body, and was repeatedly knocked down in the fight.

Capt. McClay, who was wounded in the action of the 9th, is here, with an awfully bad chin, which a Mexican grape shot passed, shaving a little closer than was safe, as it carried with it some of the bones and sinews.

The Picayune states that the amount of money found in the Mexican army chest, after the battle of the 9th, was $16,000 in gold.

The commanding General has ordered that the Rio Grande shall be considered as closed in regard to all vessels bringing cargoes for merchants in Matamoras, except such as contain munitions of war.

On the 26th ult., about 900 mounted rangers and 200 infantry, volunteers, arrived from Texas at Point Isabel by the way of Padre's Island. Amongst the infantry was a company, 80 in number, all German emigrants from Saracco bay, which was said to be the finest company at that Point.

The Galveston News contains the following terrible account of the cruelty of a party of Mexican Rancheros.

A Mr. Rodgers, accompanied by fifteen men, two women and a child, started from Corpus Christi for Point Isabel on the 2d or 3d inst. They arrived at the Little Colorado a day or two before the battle of the 8th, where they were surprised by a company of Rancheros, and being overpowered by their numbers, they were induced to surrender on a promise of being treated as prisoners of war. As soon, however, as they had delivered up their arms, they were tied four together, stripped of their clothing, and robbed of all their money, of which they had a considerable amount.

Having been closely confined and bound, their throats were cut with a large knife, the women having previously suffered dishonor. In this massacre Rodgers saw his father and a brother butchered before his own turn came, and his own escape was owing to the fact that while the wound upon his throat was not fatal, he had the presence of mind to feign himself dead, and was accordingly with all the bodies thrown into the Colorado, where he managed to escape unseen, and swam to the other side of the river. There he subsequently made his way to the Rio Grande, was taken prisoner, and sent to the Hospital at Matamoras.

After the battle he was exchanged. It is stated that a letter was written from Corpus Christi two days before the departure of this company, giving information to the Mexicans of their march, the amount of their money, &c.

Future developments may detect the author of this cold-blooded act of treason. It was not, we learn, without much reluctance, and some threats from an American officer, that the Mexican officer consented to exchange Mr. Rodgers.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE QUEEN—THE COURT—IBRAHIM PACHA IN PARIS—EGYPTIAN TOASTS—CHANGES OF TIME AND FORTUNE—COAL IN EGYPT—KING CONSORT—THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD—DICKENS, THE DAILY NEWS, PUNCH, AND CHOICE SPIRITS—MISCELLANEOUS—THE CHOLERA—PAY OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS—ELOPEMENTS, MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES—THE ROMANCE OF A SPANIEL.

Bristol, England, May 17, 1846.

The Queen and her Court are still at Buckingham Palace, and owing to the Session of Parliament, the presence of Royalty and so many of the Nobility, the West End of London is remarkably gay—brilliant, indeed, just now. The Parisian journals which assume to be the organs of fashion, insist upon it that the Queen will not visit Paris this summer—but I doubt the correctness of their information. The lions of Parisian Society this spring, are Abrahim Pacha, of Egypt, his two brothers and son. Had a few sphinxes stepped from their pedestals at Ancient Thebes, or two or three mummies of the Pharaohs, revisited "the glimpses of the moon" in renovated life, they would have scarcely created a greater sensation in Paris than modern Egyptian Majesty. The greatest possible attention is paid to the Nilotic party. A few days ago a superb banquet was given to them at the Hotel de Ville, at which French Princes, Nobles, Civic Authorities, and a number of distinguished citizens were present. Egyptian Royalty was delighted. The Duke de Montpensier proposed as a toast:—

"Mehemet Ali! The Regenerator of Egypt."

The Pacha replied with another:—

"The King of the French; and the City of Paris, the centre of civilization and the arts."

Who can read these things without pondering on the changes and chances of human life? But a few years since, Mehemet Ali was a proscribed rebel against the Porte—a mighty and a cruel conqueror—he commanded the massacre of the Mamelukes (perhaps such a step was almost necessary)—and this same City of Paris, the centre of civilization, &c., was, in his day, chiefly instrumental in sending armies into Egypt under Napoleon Bonaparte, which ravaged Egypt and kicked up "Magg's diversion." But as the poet of the Metamorphoses says

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*"

Soon there will be great changes and improvements in Egypt, for not only is it in the direct high road, by the nearest route, for the English mails and passengers to India, but several valuable coal-mines have just been discovered near the ruins of Old Thebes—a most important matter in this age of steam. But to return to lighter matters. It is positively stated that Prince Albert is to be created "King Consort"—that the Queen is wild for the measure, that Sir Robert Peel has promised to bring it forward, that the Parliament will be glad to please the Queen in so trifling a matter, and that the people will be gratified to see the Queen pleased under any circumstances, provided that no breach of the Constitution or of the liberty of the subject be imperilled. The fact is, Queen Victoria is a universal favorite, and may almost do as she likes, in reason. The Marquis of Waterford has been thrown from his horse and seriously injured. I am glad to see that this wild, eccentric, but really good-hearted nobleman, has employed 200 men in draining, on one of his farms, and has offered to employ all the hands he can procure on his estates, by way of encouraging industry and relieving distress. The Earl of Errol, High Constable of Scotland, died last week. The office is hereditary in his family. There has seldom been a more complete failure in the literary, or rather the newspaper world, than Dickens' *Daily News.* When the capital and talent employed in it are remembered, it must appear truly astonishing; and the fact proves how difficult it is to establish a successful rivalry over the old and popular leading papers of the country. In style and appearance, the *Daily News* was a servile imitation of the *Morning Chronicle*, but now it is alike reduced in size and in price, the numbers being only two pence half-penny each which sum causes several of the old journals to call it a "two-penny-half-penny concern." It has been sold to Mr. Dilke, of the *Athenæum*, and rumor says that it will be an organ of the dissenting interest. Dickens and the old proprietors are now rid of it. By the way, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray are favorites with the nobility—frequently dining with Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lansdown, Lord Morpeth, &c.—men who add lustre to their position by patronising the choice wits and spirits of the age. Douglas Jerrold is no longer on Punch, his place being supplied by Thackeray, known as "Yellowplush Thackeray," he being the author of that comic correspondence. The Punch is still unrivalled, the shots of the "Great Gun" not having told well. In fact, "Punch is about the best spec in journalism of the present day. Smith O'Brien is still in prison, for contempt of Parliament; and as he continues obstinate, he has no chance of getting out just yet. We are importing large quantities of ice from Norway, owing to the mildness of last winter. Why do you not send more from America, as well as American venison and wild turkeys, which are now sold in Liverpool and London? Trade in the manufacturing districts is brisk—colliers have turned out for higher wages, and builders in several parts of the kingdom have followed their example—signs of good times. A short time ago, Mrs. E. Clarke, in a fit of madness, drowned her three children in the Thames. A sailor has been found under a settee in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. His excuse was, that he wanted to see the Queen. He was dismissed with an admonition. Assassinations on political grounds are quite common in Switzerland. The Emperor of Russia has passed a law condemning all bankrupts to Siberia, for life. Pretty work this autocrat and despot would make in commercial countries, such as England and the United States! In Romelia, the Turks are murdering the Christians. I am sorry to say that a species of influenza, such as was noted in 1831 as a forerunner of the cholera, has appeared in Berlin. The dreadful scourge is still on its march to St. Petersburg; and it moves in what soldiers would call "double quick time." London must be increasing with wonderful rapidity, for I observe that last week there were 1,414 births, and only 841 deaths, within the bills of mortality. The Tower of London is now watched by the metropolitan police, instead of the garrison troops only, as heretofore. Now that recruiting is pretty active, it may be interesting to inquire, what is the pay of the soldier?

The bounty paid to an infantry soldier, on enlisting, is £4.

Bounty to a cavalry recruit, £5.

Daily pay of a foot soldier, one shilling and a penny for beer.

A life-guardsman, 1s. 11½d. per day.

A life guardsman costs £74 4s. 11d. a year, or £1 8s. 6d. per week.

A dragoon costs £56 11s. 5d. a year, or £1 1s. 9d. a week.

A foot-guard, £34 15s. a year, or 13s. 6d. per week.

An infantry soldier costs £31 a year, or 11s. 10d. a week.

Seamen in the Royal Navy receive £2 10s. 0d. per month, or 13s. a week, and 8s. per week more are allowed for provisions. Would that mankind and the world were in such a condition as to enable us to abolish the ranks of war altogether, and employ the martial multitudes in agriculture, manufactures and commerce!

Singular marriages and elopements and divorces appears to be quite the rage in high life. On Monday last, a daughter of Sir Felix Gurwood, heiress of a large fortune, eloped from London with a young upholsterer; and on the same day, while the marriage ceremony was proceeding between Lady Anne, a daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and young George Langton, of Somersetshire, in St. George's (the fashionable) Church, Hanover Square, London, the lady's father, the Duke, appeared, and stopped the wedding! The Prince Royal, of Denmark, has applied for a divorce from his wife, the Princess Caroline, of Mecklenburg, on the ground of "insurmountable aversion." This anti-uxorious Prince had been previously divorced from the daughter of King Frederic VI., of Denmark. He now wishes to marry his cousin, the Princess Augusta, of Hesse Cassel. May he get a Xantippe! Such things are monstrous. A conspiracy has been discovered in Greece, the object of which was, to overthrow the existing dynasty; and *on dit*, that Russia was the instigating party. Mr. Jones, of Bath, has taught a canary-bird to talk, and has presented the feathered gossip to the Queen, who was much delighted with the novelty. A box has been stolen from the Royal Bank, at Liverpool, containing bills worth £20,000. There are 3,195 Counsellors at the English bar. You have probably read a romance called "Miserrimus," founded on an inscription on a monument in Worcester Cathedral, being merely the word "Miserrimus!" (most wretched.) The chief points of the melancholy story, by one of our best authors, are said to be true. A distinguished poet, having observed in Widcombe Church Yard, Bath, a tombstone with the simple and single inscription "Annette," has written a most touching, affecting and thrilling poem, in which the tender love, the disappointment, the devotion to an inconstant, the cruel return of indifference, the woes, the agony, the breaking heart, and the death of the beautiful and admired Annette, are most feelingly pourtrayed. This legend of love, of sorrow and of fate, has had a run—all readers of taste admired the poem—but alas! for the poet. It is just discovered that the tombstone at the head of the grave of Annette, was placed over a Blenheim spaniel, the favorite pet and lap dog of a Bath lady, who, many years ago, bribed a sexton to inter the interesting animal in Widcombe Church Yard! Imagine, if you can, the laugh of the public, and the chagrin of the poet, at the fate and explanation of his new "Miserrimus." My note-book is not yet exhausted. But enough for to-day.

Local Intelligence.

DEATH OF JUDGE RANDALL.

HON. ARCHIBALD RANDALL, Judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, died last Monday morning, at 9 o'clock, of gastric apoplexy. He has had several serious and sudden attacks of this disease within the last two years, and on Thursday week was compelled to adjourn his court in consequence of its recurrence. Upon the announcement of his decease in the several Courts, immediate adjournments were ordered, and the gentlemen making the announcements, paid eloquent tributes to his character and virtues, both as a gentleman and a jurist.

NOT EXACTLY SO.—A week or so ago a man calling himself John L. Pine, of Mullica Hill, N. J., made a statement at the Mayor's office that he had been robbed of $1,600, after being shot at, early in the morning at Spruce street wharf. In the information he gave, he stated that part of the money was in $20 of two banks at the East, paid to him by a man in Providence, Rhode Island. The police officers, to ascertain whether or not there was any truth in the story, wrote to the Cashier of one of the Banks, who, in reply, states that the Bank alluded to have no $20 notes in circulation, and that no person of the name given by Pine lives in Providence. The story when first told was not credited by the police.

☞ Of the patients admitted during the year into the Pennsylvania Hospital, in this city, there were 479 natives of the United States, 47 of England, 4 of Wales, 10 of Scotland, 447 of Ireland, 55 of Germany, and 31 from other foreign countries.

MORE EMIGRANTS.—The ship Halcyon, from Londonderry, has brought another supply of emigrant passengers. They number about one hundred and fifty.

Casualties.

TORNADO AT WILMINGTON

A violent Tornado passed over Wilmington, Delaware, on Friday afternoon, the 5th inst., about 5 o'clock, which did considerable damage in its passage.

The ship house of Betts, Martin & Hollingsworth, in which was being built an iron steamboat, was blown down, and two men, named Hardy and McCay were instantly killed, and another named Neil Duffie was severely injured.

The ship house of Mr. Thatcher was also blown down, and Richard Roberts and a boy named Harmer, were severely injured.

A carpenter's shop was blown down, and F. Hirons much injured; a portion of the roof of the Asbury Methodist meeting house was blown in, a Factory, Brewery and the colored Odd Fellows' Hall and a dwelling, were struck by lightning, but only slightly injured. Two barns were blown away.

The shipping suffered severely. The brig John M. Clayton was capsized and her masts torn out; the cook's leg was broken, and all the men had to swim to escape with their lives. The masts of several vessels were carried away; the steamboat Bolivar was injured and the W. Whildin had all her deck load blown overboard, and the captain was near being blown over himself and drowned. A large number of persons were injured, more or less severely, and some dangerously.

Such was the force of the hurricane, that the awnings, posts, &c., on the east side of Market street many of them were blown away—and boxes, barrels, &c., were floating down the streets.

Horses were killed, and great damage done in many places.

An extra says:—"It is stated that the wheat crop is destroyed. Altogether it is one of the most dreadful hurricanes that ever visited our city. We understand that a subscription will be taken up for the families of the men who were killed."

☞ A young man named Warren Jackson, was drowned at Pawtucket about two weeks ago. He swam to the dam of the Blackstone, climbed upon it, slipped, was precipitated among the rocks below, and was then carried down three hundred feet to the lower falls, over which he was thrown, and seen no more. A hundred spectators upon the shore could render him no assistance.

Fires.

FIRE IN WARREN.

On Monday week the greater portion of the flourishing village of Warren, Ohio, was reduced to ashes. One whole square, in which were the Post Office, two printing offices, the Democrat and Herald, a large row of dry goods and business establishments, some twenty in number, was entirely consumed, together with barns, out-houses, &c. The entire number of buildings burned is estimated at nearly one hundred. The Cleveland Herald says:—A friend who was present at the conflagration supposes the loss of property must be some $135,000—a loss proportionably more severe than the great Pittsburg fire. Many of the goods removed and piled in the public square were either burned or much injured by water. The town was destitute of an efficient fire engine, or much of the loss might have been avoided. The insurance, it is said, was mostly Mutual.

The sufferers are the grocery of Fred. Bollymeyer, the hat shop of D. McSlerry, and the drug store of Daniel Jagger, the Post Office, Thornton & King, J. W. Collins tin shop, E. P. Jennison's tin shop, Patch & Allison's sadler shop, the Democrat office, Austin's grocery, Day's barber shop and grocery, J. M. Millegan's shoe shop, Van Gorder's brick and the brick block occupied by Messrs. Smith & McCombs, Mr. Rupp, the Herald office, and a number of lawyer's offices. Van Gorder's block was occupied by Messrs. C. Morse & Co., and L. Reinhart, merchants; Capt. A. W. Bliss, hat shop; C. M. Patch, tailor; M. Graham, iron dealer, and the family of Mr. Van Gorder.

The store of Kibbee and Mosier, A. Bartholomew, Morgan & Steel, Lot & Freeman, L. S. Kibbee & Son, and Iddings & Best, merchants, each of whom had a heavy stock of goods on hand, A. F. Hunt, goldsmith, D. & C. Westcott's tailor shop, County Treasurer's and Trumbull Mutual insurance offices, Zalmon Fitch, tinner; Levi Nichols, A. Luke and C. Peak, grocers; and the shoe shop of A. Luke & Co.; also, the grocery store of John B. Williams. We learn that a journeyman tinner, named Frederick Kane, perished in Mr. Jennison's shop.

Political Intelligence.

IOWA CONSTITUTION.—The Convention which recently assembled to form another Constitution for Iowa, have completed their work and adjourned. The present Constitution is the same in its most essential features as the one which was adopted by the former Convention. It prevents the General Assembly from contracting debts exceeding $100,000, and prohibits any corporate body from exercising banking privileges.

A WHIG GOVERNOR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Convention of the two branches of the New Hampshire Legislature, have elected Gen. Anthony Colby, the Whig candidate, Governor for the ensuing year, by a majority of twenty-one votes. The vote stood:—For Anthony Colby, 146; for J. W. Williams, 125. Colby's majority, 21.

☞ We find in the Milwaukie Sentinel an abstract of the returns of the election held in the territory of Wisconsin in April last, to decide the question of State government, by which it appears that the majority in favor of that measure is nearly five to one.

NOMINATED.—The Courier and Enquirer of New York, declares itself in favor of Gen. Scott for the next President.

Religious Intelligence.

SLAVERY.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church—New School—adopted on the 3d inst., the following resolutions by a vote of 97 yeas to [illegible] nays—absent, twenty members.

After a number of motions the Assembly took up Dr. Duffield's declaration, viz:

The Assembly having duly considered the subject presented to their attention in the various memorials forwarded from Presbyteries and Synods, adopt the following as the expression of their judgment:

1st. The system of Slavery as it exists in these United States, viewed either in the laws of the several States which sanction it, or in its actual operation and results in society, is intrinsically unrighteous and oppressive, and is opposed to the prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity.

2d. The testimony of the General Assembly from A. D. 1787, to A. D. 1818, inclusive, has condemned it, and it remains still the recorded testimony of the Presbyterian Church of these United States against it, from which we do not recede.

3d. We cannot therefore, withhold the expression of our deep regret that Slavery should be continued and countenanced by any of the members of our churches, and we do earnestly exhort both them and the churches among whom it exists to use all the means in their power to put it away from them. Its perpetuation among them cannot fail to be regarded by multitudes influenced by their example, as sanctioning the system portrayed in it, and maintained by the statutes of the several slave holding States wherein they dwell. Nor can any mere mitigation of its severity, prompted by the humanity and Christian feelings of any who continue to hold their fellow men in such bondage, be regarded either as a testimony against the system, or as in the least degree, changing its essential character.

4th. But while we believe that many evils incident to the system render it important and obligatory to bear testimony against it, yet would we not undertake to determine the degree of moral turpitude on the part of individuals involved by it. This will doubtless be found to vary in the sight of God, according to the degree of light and other circumstances pertaining to each. In view of all the embarrassments and obstacles in the way of emancipation interposed by the statutes of the slave-holding States, and by the social influence affecting the views and conduct of those involved in it, we cannot pronounce a judgment of general and promiscuous condemnation, implying that destitution of Christian principle and feeling which should exclude from the table of the Lord, all who stand in the legal relation of masters to slaves, or justify us in withholding our ecclesiastical and Christian fellowship from them. We rather sympathise with and would seek to succour them in their embarrassments, believing that separation and secession among the Churches and their members are not the method God approves and sanctions for the reformation of his Church.

5th. While, therefore, we feel bound to bear our testimony against Slavery, and to exhort our beloved brethren to remove it from them, as speedily as possible by all appropriate and available means, we do at the same time condemn all divisive and schismatical measures tending to destroy the unity and disturb the peace of our Churches, and deprecate the spirit of denunciation and that inflicting severity which would cast from the fold those whom we are rather bound, by the spirit of the Gospel, and the obligations of our covenant, to instruct, to counsel, to exhort, and try to lead in the ways of God; and toward whom, even though they may err, to exercise forbearance and brotherly love.

6th. As a court of our Lord Jesus Christ, we possess no legislative authority, and as the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, we possess no judiciary authority—we have no right to institute and prescribe tests of Christian character and Church membership not recognized and sanctioned in the Sacred Scriptures, and in our standards, by which we have agreed to walk. We must therefore leave this matter with the Sessions, Presbyteries and Synods—the judicatories to whom pertains the right of judgment—to act in the administration of discipline, as they may judge it to be their duty constitutionally, subject to the General Assembly only in the way of general review and control.

In the afternoon a resolution was adopted, that when the General Assembly shall adjourn, it will adjourn to meet in the City of Cincinnati, on the Third Thursday in May, 1847. The Rev. Mr. Haines offered a resolution to send down an overture to the Presbyteries for an expression of opinion in reference to having Annual Sessions of the General Assembly, instead of triennial meetings—which was adopted.

A resolution was passed in relation to opening a correspondence with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, O. S.

A resolution was passed by the Presbyterian General Assembly, Old School, at their late session in this city, recommending the setting apart the first Sabbath of July as a day of humiliation and prayer in view of the present warlike crisis of our national affairs.

A member endeavored to get a resolution through the Assembly to the effect that no further action of the Assembly upon the subject of Slavery was necessary, and that this matter should be left to the Churches in the States where Slavery exists. But the resolution was laid on the table.

The next General Assembly meets at Richmond, Virginia.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The Burrita, diminutive of Burra, ass—therefore little ass, and not Baretta, as the letter writers call it—is a rancho, farm, consisting of less than a dozen huts, made of reeds, plastered with mud, and belongs to a ferryman.

☞ It is stated in the government paper that three Representatives in Congress—Mr. Price of Missouri, Mr. Yell, of Arkansas, and Mr. Baker of Illinois—"have left Congress for the 'war,' to serve in the field."

THE MEXICAN STEAMSHIPS.—The Mexican steamships had not arrived at Havana at the latest dates. The steamships under the English flag which had arrived, were the two regular mail steamships.

☞ An Irish girl stole an infant only seven months old, from a family in New York, out of revenge at having been dismissed from her situation as nurse. The child has been recovered, and the girl arrested.

VOLUNTEERS.—In Massachusetts, it is said, no difficulty is found in getting plenty of volunteers for the President's requisition. The President, however, finds difficulty in selecting officers from that State.

☞ It is said that the military expenses alone of the country at the present time, are half a million a day. Can this be possible?

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, G. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845

Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Congressional News.

The most important business that has engaged the attention of the Senate since our last, is a resolution offered by Mr. Cass, which is understood to apply to the conduct of General Gaines, in issuing calls for volunteers without the requisite authority from the government.

On the 5th inst., the following resolution, offered the day previous by Mr. Cass, was taken up for consideration.

Resolved, That the President be requested to inform the Senate whether any officer of the army, during the past or present year, has called volunteers or militia into the service of the United States without legal authority therefor; and, if so, what is the number of said force, how it has been organized, and whether officers of the line or staff have been appointed contrary to law; and whether such calls, if made, were necessary, and the probable amount they will cost; and whether any advantages have resulted or are likely to result therefrom. And also what measures the Department of War adopted for the defence of the Southern frontier of the United States during the same period.

A debate of great extent and of nearly proportionate interest here took place. The speakers were Messrs. Cass, Sevier, Webster, Westcott, Houston, Mangum, Archer, J. M. Clayton, Johnson of Louisiana, Johnson of Maryland, Bagby, Crittenden, and Calhoun. During the discussion, amendments were offered and adopted, on motions by Messrs. Sevier, Archer, Clayton, and Johnson of Louisiana. A motion by Mr. Calhoun to lay the whole subject on the table was lost, ayes 11, nays 36. And the resolution, after various amendments, the effect of which was intended to bring before the country all the correspondence that has recently taken place between the Government and General Scott, &c., passed without a division.

Upon the 8th inst., a message was received from the President and read, conveying the correspondence between Mr. Marcy, Secretary of War, and Gen. Scott, and Mr. Marcy and Gen. Gaines, and Gen. Gaines and Gen. Taylor. Gen. S. alludes to attacks made upon him in certain high quarters for not being *en route* for the Rio del Norte, and says he does not choose to put himself in a position to be fired upon in the rear from Washington, and receive in front the fire of the enemy. He gives his views on a successful campaign, enters fully into all the particulars of the amount of force, equipments and expenses, and thinks the brave and gallant Taylor should have no superior officer placed over him.

It was stated by Mr. Webster and others in a recent debate, that the present war expenses of the Government were half a million each day. At this rate it will not take long to empty the Treasury.

The French Spoliation Bill has been passed by the Senate—yeas 27, nays 23.

In the House, on the 5th, Mr. Harralson moved that Messrs. Baker, of Illinois, and Yell, of Ark., who have left Washington to take part in the war with Mexico, be excused from attendance on the House. Agreed to.

Mr. Andrew Johnson offered a resolution for Congress to adjourn on the 20th of July next, and moved to suspend the rules for the purpose of considering it—lost, 84 to 73—two-thirds not having voted in its favor, as required.

The house has been principally engaged upon private bills and other matters of minor importance.

The questions of the admission of Iowa into the Union, and of a Constitution for Wisconsin, to enable it to form a State government, have also been under consideration.

The Committee appointed to investigate the charges against Mr. Webster, made a majority report, fully exonerating him from the charges brought by Mr. Ingersoll. This report was signed by Messrs. Vinton and D. P. King, Whigs, and Seaborn Jones and Jefferson Davis, Democrats.

Mr. Brinkerhoff made a minority report, endorsing in part Mr. Ingersoll's assertions.

Both reports were ordered to be printed.

A Bill has passed the House directing the sale of Mineral lands at $2,50 per acre, for one year; after which at $1,25 per acre.

Items of News.

☞ Capt. Laborde, of the French ship Chateaubriand, reports that, about twenty-five leagues north-west of the Tortugas, he saw a schooner coming towards him. When within a short distance, Capt. L. hoisted his colors, when the schooner filled away and got out of sight, without making known her nation. She appeared to have about forty men on board, which induced Capt. Laborde to have strong suspicions of her.—*N. O. Delta.*

☞ Four persons were drowned at Cincinnati, on the 1st inst. One of them lived on the river bank, and had been drinking to excess for some days. He came to the wharf drunk enough to swim on land to advantage. The watch on the steamboat told him not to go into the water, but he cried out with a hiccup, "I will." He plunged, sinking almost immediately to the bottom.

☞ The story of the horrible murder in the Mammoth Cave, is said to have passed through several editions during the last thirty years! It appears periodically about every third year.

☞ It is said that Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, has purchased a splendid rose wood bedstead and chamber furniture at the Fair. His young wife is in extacies. We do not know whether this is the same furniture that the English Ambassador was reported to have purchased or not.

WHEAT HARVEST.—In some parts of Pasquotank County, N. C., the cutting of the wheat crop has been already commenced, with the promise of an abundant yield. In the lower James River region of Virginia the wheat harvest has also commenced.

☞ The Connecticut Legislature has accepted the provisions of the Legislature of New York, with regard to the extension of the New York and New Haven Railroad, and extending the time for expending $100,000 on the road two years in addition.

THE STING OF A LOCUST.—The locusts in Washington, in this State, are covering the earth and trees in swarms. A lady in that place last week was stung on the finger with one, and was dreadfully poisoned, so that her life was in much danger.

☞ The loss by a recent tornado at Grenada, is estimated at about $75,000 to $80,000. Twenty-one persons were killed, and sixty wounded, many of them dangerously. The number of houses torn from their foundation was one hundred and twelve.

☞ Two gentlemen from Brooklyn, Messrs. Leavitt and Benson, took 350 lbs. of black fish, in Plum Gut, near Greenport, on Friday week, in two hours and a half, and returned to Brooklyn, 96 miles, the same evening.

SUICIDE.—A woman named Collins, wife of the Rev. Mr. Collins, Baptist Preacher, residing in South Wheeling, committed suicide by hanging herself in the cellar of the house where she resided.—*Wheeling Times.*

SINGULAR SUIT.—A man has commenced a suit against the City of New York, for injuries received while firing a public salute, on the evening of the war meeting. Damages laid at twenty thousand dollars.

☞ A very rich gold mine has been discovered near Charlotte, in North Carolina. The mine is the property of a Mr. C. F. Moss.

☞ The annual amount accruing from the sale of water cresses, in London, is upwards of £10,000; and in Paris, more than $80,000.

A GLUTTON.—A man was choked to death in Massilon, Ohio, in attempting to swallow a piece of meat 3 inches long, 1½ wide, and 1 thick.

☞ Mr. Elijah Loring, of Barnstable, while gunning upon the salt meadows one day last week killed, at one shot, 44 large Red Breasts!

☞ The U. S. steamer Spencer arrived at Charleston on the 3d inst., bound to the Gulf. She put in to repair her machinery.

☞ The editors of the Annapolis Republican have received some surprisingly large Strawberries, weighing forty to the pound.

☞ A resolution highly complimentary of Gen. Gaines, has been passed by the House of Representatives of Louisiana.

☞ The receipts at the Magnetic Telegraph office in Washington, in May, were between $300 and $400.

☞ Gov. Toucey, of Connecticut, has issued his proclamation for three regiments of volunteers.

☞ There was five feet ten inches water in the channel at Pittsburg on Saturday last.

☞ Magnesian wells have been discovered near Newport, Kentucky.

☞ Bulwer recently arrived at London from a tour in Italy.

PROF. INGRAHAM.

We take the following criticism upon this gentleman's writings from the Connecticut Weekly Review. We know just enough about the Professor's stories to imagine that there may be, perhaps, a little truth in it. Any how it is funny, and if it does not do Mr. Ingraham justice, it applies very well to a class of tales, now very much in vogue.

"His style is as musical as a saw-mill, and quite as mechanical. His description is one touch below a tobacco-shop sign. His sentiment is like the last groan of a dropsical toad. His knowledge of human nature is as profound as the wood cuts on the covers of his books are imaginative. His stories are usually founded on the last police report, and his books would have done excellent service as one of the plagues of Egypt—somewhere between the lice and the serpents. There—that's a condensation of six pages of modern slashing." And so it is.

General News.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.—A letter written from Baltimore, mentions the following fact as having occurred in that city:—

"Some slight stir has been caused in this city by a recent runaway match. Madame Celeste, it will be remembered, whilst in this city, was married to a Mr. Elliott, now deceased, by whom she had one child, a charming daughter. From some cause or other, of which I am not informed, this child was left in this city under charge of Mr. Johnson, of the extensive banking firm of Lea & Johnson, who has brought her up as one of his own family, giving her a brilliant education, and storing her mind with every accomplishment, at the expense and under the direction, it is presumed, of her surviving parent, who is very wealthy. In the meantime, a son of Mr. Johnson has also, with his lovely charge, come to the years of maturity, and as it is often the case when young persons are thus reared together, friendship had ripened into love, and a few days since, without asking the consent of either pa or ma, they proceeded on a visit to the parson, and became indissolubly united for the remainder of their lives. They both carry heavy purses, and are rich in all that can make man and woman happy and will doubtless move on smoothly and happily through all the quicksands, bogs and marshes of life, as well as the pleasant and happy scenes of connubial felicity. So mote it be."

THE FLYING ARTILLERY.—A gentleman attached to the Navy, informs us that when travelling to Washington some time since, a company of the Flying Artillery were on board the cars—cannon, horses and all. On arriving at the depot in Washington the corps immediately formed and started off at full run. With astonishing suddenness they halted, dismounted, separated their cannon from the carriages, replaced them, mounted and started off again. The whole of these manœuvres only consuming *nine minutes and a half.* Their performances in an engagement are of the most ingenious character. At a certain signal, after firing, they instantly drop; while the enemy, supposing them disabled, venture too near, and in an instant are completely surprised and are shot down before they can collect themselves. The arms made use of by this unrivalled corps are sword, pistol and cannon; of which they have proved themselves the most skilful masters.—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

☞ A German Journal remarks that among the curiosities of Vienna may be reckoned, without contradiction, the great hall called the "Sophia Hall," which has recently been opened, and the rich decorations of which have attracted the admiration of the public. It is made to serve, according to the season, for a dancing hall, or for bathing rooms and a swimming school, with an immense basin, capable of holding a thousand hectolitres of water. In winter, five hundred couples of dancers, and three times as many spectators can move about in it without difficulty. What is more remarkable is, that but seven hours are required to transform the swimming hall into a ball room.

☞ A letter written at Havana on the 20th ult., to the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, says that American vessels could not obtain freight at that place in consequence of the war with Mexico. The writer adds—"American flags now can do nothing, and will remain so until the Government sends regular convoys for us. Foreign flags get £3 a £3 5s. for Cowes and a market, in small vessels of 800 to 1,500 boxes. American vessels are always £1 under these quotations, if there is any thing to do."

ACQUITTED.—Mutter, the circus man, who killed John A. Glover, a student of the Virginia University, in a row during a performance, has been tried and acquitted of the charge of murder.

☞ A private letter received in this city from Fort Brown, states that the General officer, known to have been killed in the battle of Resacacle a Palma, was General Torrejon.

☞ Mr. Edward Webster, son of the Honorable Daniel Webster, has opened an office for volunteers, and already has 49 names towards a company.—*Boston Journal.*

A GOOD COW.—The Dover Gazette states that Mr. James R. Moulton, of that town, has a cow that has given more pounds of milk during fifteen days, than the weight of her body, both having been weighed. We should say that the cow must be very small, or the story very big.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

The story is not so big as our cotemporary imagines. Twenty-eight quarts of milk have been obtained in a day from a cow, and that in fifteen days, would amount to eight hundred and forty pounds, allowing a pint to the pound, as the old lady did who measured her shot.—And eight hundred and forty pounds would make a pretty good sized cow, we should think.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 11.

REMARKS.—Business is falling off, the usual dulness of the summer months commencing. A large number of boats from the interior of this State are arriving, and the business of the Tide Water Canal is nearly all centering in this city. Considerable supplies from St. Louis are seeking the seaboard by the Pennsylvania route.

FLOUR & MEAL.—A further decline has taken place in the price of flour. Since the receipt of the last English advices, noting a decline of 1s 6d per bbl in flour. Prices have since receded 12½c per bbl. The sales up to Saturday for export, comprised 500 bbls Brandywine at $4,25 per bbl; 2500a3000 bbls fair to good Pa. at $4 and some at $4,06¼; and 2500 barrels western, part in soiled and dirty bbls, at $3 81a3,87½, and a good brand at $4. Since then, sales of 5000 bbls for export, common and good brands, at $3 81¼ to 3,91; choice and bakers' brands at $4a4,12½; some parcels of Pa. and western at $3 81a3,87½, lined and delivered, and one lot at $3 75. Fair brands are held at $3 87½, and 3,75 is refused for large lots. For city use considerable sales at $3,87½ to 4,12½, and extra at $4,25 per barrel. Rye flour has rapidly declined. Sales at $2,75a2,50 per bbl, and some at $2,37½—We quote $2,50. Corn meal is also a fraction cheaper. Sales of 2500 bbls at $2 87½ and some Brandywine at $3,25—250 hhds of the latter at $15 each.

GRAIN.—Wheat has again declined 1a2c per bushel. Sales of 34,000 bushels at 92a88c per bushel for prime and good red, chiefly at 89c; white 93a95c. Some only fair red sold at 87c. Rye—Sales of 1800 bushels at 64a63c. Southern we quote at 60c. Corn—Is scarce. Sales of round yellow at 62a60c; flat at 60a59, and southern flat at 60a50c. The latter is dull at 57c. White is scarce, and worth 59a60c for export. Oats—Sales of southern at 39, 37a36½c.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for pork is limited and prices are rather lower; mess may be quoted at $10,75a11, and prime at $8,75a9 per bbl, cash and time. Bacon—Demand less active; sales of 250 casks hams at 5¼a6½, and family 8½a10c. Sides 5a5½, and shoulders 4a4½c per lb. Lard is drooping; sales of 300 bbls at 6¼a6½c and 600 kegs at 6½a7c per lb. Butter—A sale of 12,000 lbs grease at 6½c; sales in firkins at 8a8½c. Cheese is steady at 8 to 8½c.

AMERICAN COTTON & WOOLLEN GOODS—The market continues inactive and prices stationary.

ASHES—Pot ashes are dull at $3 62½a3,75.

BARK—Quercitron has declined. A sale of 75 hhds 1st No. 1 at $23,50 per ton. Sales of new Spanish oak at $10, and chesnut oak at $9 per cord.

BEESWAX—A sale of yellow at 29½c per lb.

CANDLES—Sales of 3a400 boxes sperm at 26½a27c per lb, on time.

COAL—Prices have advanced 25c per ton, and the demand still exceeds the receipts which have been unusually large, having been 29,721 tons by the railroad and 16,126 by the Schuylkill Canal. Last week, sales of Schuylkill white ash lump at $4, and broken at $4,12½a4 25 per ton. Red ash lump $4 and broken $4,25; Lehigh lump and broken $4,25 per ton, cash. By retail, sales at $4,75 to 5,50. Sales of bituminous coal at 21c per bushel.

COFFEE—Prices are steady. Sales of 1400 bags Laguayra at 7½a8c per lb; 500 bags Rio at 7½a7¾ and 2200 bags Maracaibo, supposed at 7¼ to 8c—all on time. Arrived 3067 bags.

COPPER—Sheathing is steady at 23c per lb.

COTTON—The late European advices have produced no effect upon our market, and the demand has been on a restricted scale. Sales of 725 bales; Mobile and New Orleans at 7¾ to 10½c, and Upland at 7½ to 9¾ cts per lb, cash and time. At the close holders are rather firmer. Arrived 1450 bales.

FEATHERS—Market quiet. We quote 28a29c per pound.

FISH—Demand fair from store. A sale of 1a300 bbls No. 3 south mackerel at $5,87½ per bbl. Sales of small No. 3 at $5,62½a5,75 and No. 2 at $5,62½a5,75. Large No. 1 at $10,50a10,75 from store.

FRUIT—The market continues quiet. Sales of 800 to 1000 boxes Malaga bunch raisins at $2,27 per box.

GINSENG—No sales of any extent have transpired.

HEMP—A sale of 47 bales hackled at $115, and some dew rotted at $100 per ton, on time.

HIDES—No recent sales have transpired. A sale of 600 Maracaibo salted, price not public. Arrived 4384 hides.

INDIGO—Market quiet, with limited sales.

IRON—The demand has become less active, but prices are steady. Sales of 5a600 tons pig iron in lots, charcoal at $30a31,50; anthracite at $28a29 per ton, and No. 2 at $27. In blooms and bar iron there are no recent changes to note.

LEAD—We understand that some transactions have taken place at about $4,25, on time.

LUMBER—Sales of white pine boards at $13a18—yellow heart pine at $25, and pitch pine at $15½ per M feet; 200,000 laths at $1,70 per M.

MOLASSES—Is more enquired after. A sale of 140 hhds old Porto Rico at 27, 190 hhds Old Cuba, price not stated. A sale of 140 hhds Trinidad at 24½; 30 hhds old Porto Rico 26, and 200 bbls New Orleans at 29c, all 4a5 mos. Arrived 1200 hhds, 26 tcs.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 1500 bbls common rosin at 65c, and 200 bbls soap at $2 per bbl. Tar—Sells in lots at $1,75a2; spirits of turpentine has again slightly declined, sales at 30a31, and small parcels at 31a33c.

OILS—Prices are nearly steady—sales of 250 lots whale at 38a37½c, on time. Sperm is steady at 90a9?c. Linseed oil is dull, a sale in hhds at 58c. Sales in bbls at 60 cents.

PLASTER—No further cargo sales.

RICE—Sales of 100 tcs at $3,50 to 3,75 and small lots at $3,87½, cash and time. Arrived 199 tcs.

SALT—A cargo of 700 tons Liverpool ground salt was taken at a price not public. A cargo of 6000 bushels Turks Island has arrived, which was previously sold.—Arrived 700 tons.

SEEDS—Sales of 200 bushels good and prime clover at $4,25a4,50 per bushel; 700 bushels flaxseed sold at $1,20.

SPICES—Sales of cloves at 27 to 29c per lb.

SPIRITS—Sales of 50 pkgs brandy; Bordeaux at $2 a2,05, Rochelle $2,10a2,12, and Cognac at $2,30a2,80 in lots. N. E. Rum—Sales in hhds at 26 and bbls at 27c. Whiskey is rather scarce; sales in bbls at 19½ and hhds at 19½a19 cts.

SUGARS—Prices have advanced ⅛c per lb within a week, and there is a fair enquiry. Sales of 490 hhds New Orleans at 6¼ to 6¾c; 100 hhds Cuba to leave the market at 6½; 450 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico for refining at upwards of 6½c; 35 hhds common St. Croix 7½ and 70 Porto Rico at 6¾c; 800 boxes Cuba, Havana and Matanzas brown and yellow at 7¼ to 8¼, and white 9½c per lb, all 4a5 mos. The stock of Muscovado sugar is now reduced to 2650 hhds in first hands and of box to about 1600 boxes. Arrived 27 hhds, 1984 boxes.

TEAS—Prices are steady and holders firm, with a fair demand.

TOBACCO—The stock is light and the market continues quiet. Sales of 45 hhds Kentucky at 2½ to 5c per lb.

WINES—Sales of Bordeaux claret at $28a30 per cask.

WOOL—The stock is insignificant and prices are easier. Some small parcels of the new clip have come in and have been taken at 21 to 24c per lb for common. Tub washed and ¾ blood, cash.

FREIGHTS—Prices are steady at 2s 9da3s per bbl for flour and 9da10d per bushel for grain.

COAL FREIGHTS—Vessels are scarce and wanted to load for eastern ports at advanced rates. We quote to Boston $1,75a1,87½; Providence and Fall River $1,45 a1,50; New York $1,15 and to Baltimore 75c per ton.

THE CROPS.—The Lancaster Union of the 9th inst. says:—The recent heavy rains have done much injury to the grain in that county. In many places it has been much beaten down, and it has not yet had an opportunity to recover. Aside from this there never was a fairer prospect of abundant crops of wheat. The fly has done some, but not very serious mischief as yet.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offering comprised 1480 beef cattle, chiefly western, including 950 taken to New York; 250 cows and calves, 610 swine and 1350 sheep and lambs.—Prices—Beef Cattle—In moderate request, and about 475 sold at prices ranging from $5½ to 7 the 100 lbs for ordinary to prime quality. Cows and calves sell at $14 a30. Swine generally brought $4¼a5 the 100 lbs—sales dull. Sheep and Lambs—Demand fair at $1a3,50 each. Hay—Prices remain without much alteration at 90a100c for good timothy, and straw at $5¼a7 the 100 bundles.

Baltimore, June 5.—Beef Cattle—The offering on Monday were 582 head, of which 50 were driven to Philadelphia, 52 remain over unsold, and the remainder, 280 head, were taken at $2,62a3,75 per 100 lbs gross, equal to $5,50a7,50 nett, average rate $4,37½. Small sales have since been made at prices corresponding with the above quotations. Hogs—Small sales are making at $4,50 to 4,75 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, June 4.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $3,50a3,75; nett $7a7,50, according to quality. Mutton—$2,50, according to quality. Lambs $1,75a2,75, according to quality. Veals $4,50a8, according to quality.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1350 shares Reading R. R.		33¾a34
120	do. Girard Bank,	9¼
25	do. Philadelphia Bank, 5d,	105
25	do. Far. and Mec. Bank,	40¼
$5000 State 5's, cash,		66½
$10,000 State 5's, a5		66¼
$5000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,		75½
$10,000 State 5's,		66¾
$5000 State 5's, a5,		66¼
$1000 State 5's,		67
$1000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,		67
$5000 State 5's, a5,		66¾
$2500 U. States Bank Notes,		7¾
$1000 Lehigh 6's,		53¾
$1000 Reading 6's, 1847,		95

FEVER AND AGUE.—*Dr. Rose's Tonic Mixture* is a never-failing remedy for Fever and Ague, the first instance of its not curing is yet to be made known. For sale, wholesale or retail, at Dr. Rose's Laboratory, No. 19 South Eighth street, Philada. je 13 3t

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 28th May to the 8th June.

May 28, received from			
W. Nelson	1 00	N. W. Williams	2 00
A. Wentz	1 25	Hy. Rohrer	6 00
C. Fales	2 00	G. Schnabel	5 00
N. R. Short	2 00	P. Siper	2 00
W. D. Baker	2 00	B. Simon	2 00
J. R. Brewer	2 00	N. Miller	2 00
B. Humphreys	1 00	C. Hopkins	2 00
B. A. Towner	6 00	L. G. Gordon	10 00
W. Hopkins	2 00	P. M. Smith	2 00
G. Potter	2 00	S. T. Tully	2 00
C. S. Rowley	14 00	G. S. White	2 00
R. T. Eagles	2 00	M. M. Tyson	2 00
Miss Mayo	2 00	P. R. Harper	2 00
W. Hollingsworth	3 00	S. R. Cullen	6 00
H. Hibbard	2 00	B. C. Brown	2 00
May 29.			
Capt. J. R. Waples	2 00	N. D. Clinton	5 00
G. W. Boohoven	2 00	W. G. Wilson	2 00
N. Adams	1 25	T. N. Garner	2 00
H. Gillett	2 00	W. R. Smick	2 00
S. Clark	2 00	B. L. Willard	2 00
J. Dyster	8 00	N. S. Shepherd	3 00
H. M. Low	2 00	B. D. Pennell	2 00
S. B. Lehman	1 00	S. K. Towner	2 00
M. D. Foster	20 00	B. S. Peters	2 00
L. R. Vail	2 00	W. A. Clarkson	4 00
G. R. Crane	2 00	N. P. Thomas	2 00
Mrs. G. Vinton	2 00		
May 30.			
J. Kennedy	1 62	D. T. Smith	2 00
R. Reed	2 00	B. S. Smelton	3 00
M. B. Haines	1 50	S. T. Green	15 00
Z. H. Kerner	11 75	J. G. Cluley	2 00
M. F. Hancock	2 00	S. C. Rub	2 00
W. A. Hardison	7 00	G. D. Arnold	2 00
T. Haiskew	2 00	L. V. Millan	5 00
J. B. Dunlop	4 25	A. R. Kelly	2 00
M. V. Willcox	2 00	D. P. Clinton	2 00
F. A. Bryant	4 00	G. W. Blydon	2 00
B. Eckman	2 00	S. R. Jones	3 00
T. R. Little	1 00	N. B. Ludlow	2 00
J. Bourgelt	10 00	B. B. Stephens	2 00
June 1.			
A. D. Grinell	2 00	C. Mignot	2 00
J. Warren	3 00	B. R. West	1 75
J. Ingloe	2 00	R. W. Tate	2 00
A. Chapin	1 25	C. S. Caster	10 00
H. Cohn	2 00	N. B. Wistler	2 00
A. Briggs	2 00	T. B. Miller	2 00
J. Woodruff	1 00	D. R. Taylor	2 00
J. B. Weld	45 00	N. C. Peters	2 00
W. B. Lawton	5 00	B. L. Horner	5 00
J. L. Lyon	2 00	S. G. Butler	2 00
W. A. Ingram	10 00	S. W. Harker	2 00
G. Helmbold	2 00	W. A. Parsons	2 00
June 2.			
H. Souder	2 00	Mrs. Westmore	3 00
Mrs. A. A. Brooks	2 00	G. D. Smith	2 00
C. Maulle	1 00	N. C. Green	2 00
J. Adderton	2 00	B. L. Gregory	2 00
J. Miller	2 00	D. B. Kirk	2 00
J. S. Thompson	2 00	N. W. Snyder	20 00
C. Laughlin	2 00	P. Hicks	2 00
M. T. Webb	2 00	L. L. Power	2 00
H. Mott	5 00	M. P. Drane	2 00
A. Benner	5 00	D. W. Good	2 00
Mrs. E. Davis	1 00	L. R. Brown	4 00
W. D. Shuster	2 00	D. K. Kie	2 00
H. B. Pearson & Co.	5 00	P. W. Colvin	2 50
June 3.			
J. Hoy	10 00	Mrs. J. Osborn	1 25
H. B. Harrison	2 00	W. F. Knight	1 25
T. J. Townsend	2 00	T. W. J. Long	1 25
S. D. Caruthers	2 00	Mrs. M. Doss	2 00
Wreford & Waker	1 50	G. C. Rogers	2 00
C. S. Rowley	2 00	H. King	2 50
J. Mitchell	2 00	J. W. Catlin	1 50
E. N. Woodale	3 00	R. S. Fleming	4 00
Mrs. F. A. Henry	2 00	H. H. Kenyon	2 00
R. Lloyd	2 00	J. Harrington	5 00
Capt. Drane (deceased)	2 00	W. Britton	2 00
S. James	1 00	Dr. W. B. Watson	2 00
A. D. Raymond	10 00	W. A. Pierce	33 18
A. Mains	1 25		
June 5.			
W. Camm	2 00	J. M. Mitchell	2 00
C. J. Gallagher	1 50	Hubbard & Scott	2 00
H. Williams	2 00	J. Everitt	2 00
F. Hopkinson	4 00	J. Worthington	1 50
Mrs. A. L. Duncan	2 00	S. J. Leach	2 00
W. Newell	2 00	Strawn & Foulke	2 00
A. Groves, Jr.	4 00	G. W. Chilton	15 00
C. L. Keen	2 00	B. M. Braner	2 00
J. O. Conner	2 00	D. T. Runnells	2 00
Mrs. Garrett	2 00	S. G. Heston	2 00
W. A. Allen	18 00	W. D. Tyler	2 00
B. R. Griffin	2 00	D. R. Jones	2 00
D. W. C. Frisbee	2 00	M. N. Bunting	4 00
W. Cleveland	2 00		
June 6.			
A. L. Henderson	2 00	P. D. Kille	5 00
J. K. Whipple	46 67	G. W. Rhodes	2 00
M. Seabora	3 00	R. W. Lyons	2 00
J. C. Goodsell	5 00	B. T. Wilcox	10 00
W. Wilson	3 00	S. B. Jordan	2 00
B. W. Gunning	11 00	W. S. Paul	2 00
L. W. Rorer	5 00	C. D. Hall	2 00
J. P. Smedley	2 00	R. W. Riley	4 00
S. Dixon	2 00	J. R. Phillips	2 00
W. Dana	2 00	T. R. Thompson	2 00
C. N. Burke	4 00	Miss C. Martin	2 00
C. W. White	2 00	Miss F. T. Stevens	2 00
A. D. Kent	2 00	Col. R. D. Gordon	5 00
S. M. Rich	2 00		
June 8.			
W. Myers	2 00	Mrs. A. M. Merillat	2 00
S. Lonas	2 00	E. Smith	2 00
W. D. Holt	2 00	M. Mogridge	2 00
A. R. Beall	2 00	Mrs. P. Conrow	2 00
T. E. Beall	2 00	J. P. Durow	20 00
M. Potter	1 25	M. T. Nailor	2 00
W. H. Perry	1 00	S. W. Green	2 00
W. Stewart	3 00	J. McClure	2 00
S. Rogers	1 00	B. Benson	2 00
S. Lillard	2 00	W. G. Harrison	5 00
D. Oglesby	1 00	L. S. Carlin	2 00
S. S. Bergin	5 00	B. C. Baker	2 00
W. H. Bennett	2 00	C. H. Russell	4 00

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, though not recommended as a universal "cure-all," have nevertheless proved superior to everything of the kind, especially in Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and when used in conjunction with his Tonic Vermifuge, will not fail one time in a hundred of effecting a permanent cure. For sale at No. 8 South Third street. je 13 3t

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—The following extract of a letter is from a very respectable mercantile house, dated

WASHINGTON, Rappahannock Co., Va., May 26th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Our Mr. Jones has been in a very low state of health for more than a year—he has had the benefit of the best medical advice our county affords, and also visited your city, during last summer, but found no relief.—On the 15th of April last we purchased half dozen bottles of your TONIC VERMIFUGE, and half dozen boxes of SANATIVE PILLS. Through carelessness in packing the articles in a dry goods box one half the Vermifuge was broken. Mr. Jones commenced with the Pills, and after taking a *few doses* felt a decided improvement. The three bottles of Vermifuge, which come safe to hand, brought from him, he thinks, not less than one thousand worms, and perhaps many more. He is now in better health than he has been in for years, and we hope a few more bottles of your Vermifuge and Pills will effect a perfect cure. All our physicians have entirely mistaken his case, Professor Samuel Jackson, of your city, at the head. As to our responsibility, we have to refer you to Messrs. Iaskip, Mollen & Woodruff, Silk-house, Market near 4th street, and to Hieskell, Hoskins & Co., corner of 5th and Market streets. Mr. Jones is most anxious to get more of your Pills and Vermifuge as soon as possible. Respectfully, J. B. JONES & CO.

Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD street, Philada.

BILIOUS FEVER generally begins with yawning, stretching, pain in the bones, languor, giddiness, a swelling about the region of the stomach, bilious vomiting, and other unpleasant symptoms.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the best medicines in the world for the cure of Fevers, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause of every malady incident to man.

In all cases of fever, from four to eight of said Indian Vegetable Pills should be taken every night, or if the symptoms are violent, night and morning. The plan, if properly carried out, will, in a short time, subdue the most violent attack of fever; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that fevers, as well as every other disease, will be driven from the body, and health and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

CAUTION.—It should be remembered that Mr. Samuel Reed, of Baltimore, Mr. John Dickson, of Easton Pa., and Messrs. Browning and Brothers, of Philadelphia, are not agents of ours, and as they purchase no Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills at our office, *we cannot guarantee any medicine they may have for sale.*

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from no person unless he can show a certificate of Agency, or at the OFFICE and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, Philada. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

VERY VALUABLE ENCYCLOPEDIAS AND DICTIONARIES FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

The London Encyclopædia, or Universal Dictionary of Science, Art, Literature, and Practical Medicines, comprising a popular view of the present state of Knowledge, illustrated by numerous engravings and diagrams, finely engraved on steel. In twenty two volumes, royal octavo. Price $50.

In paper, printing and embellishments, as well as in the library value of its contents, the work is accommodated to the improved taste and advanced information of the times; and whether for the purpose of systematic study, or occasional reference, the London Encyclopædia will be found to be the most valuable addition which can be made to a modern library.

This work is compiled with great industry and judgment by the original editor of the famous Encyclopædia Metropolitana, assisted by eminent professional and other gentlemen.

The Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines: containing a clear exposition of their Principles and Practice. Illustrated with 1241 engravings; 4th edition, bound in 1 vol. stout leather, $5—2 vols. $5,50.

A supplement to the above is just out, containing all the recent improvements in Science, Art, &c. Paper cover, $1; stout leather, $1,50.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, with numerous engravings on wood. Royal 8vo. sheep; $4.

Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language, new edition, revised—containing all the words in the larger Dictionary; sheep, $3,50.

Johnson's Farmers' Encyclopædia and Dictionary of Rural Affairs; embracing all the most recent discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry, adapted to the comprehension of unscientific readers. One thick vol. 8vo. 13 plates, $4.

All orders through a Postmaster, or otherwise, for any books published in America, enclosing a remittance, will be carefully packed and forwarded to any part of the country, by GEORGE S. APPLETON, Bookseller and Importer of Foreign Books, No. 148 Chesnut street, above Sixth, Philada. 1t

ALMANAC.

June, 1846.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
				D. H. M.
13 SATURDAY,	4 36	7 24	4 49	
14 SUNDAY,	4 36	7 24	5 34	
15 MONDAY,	4 35	7 25	6 25	
16 TUESDAY,	4 35	7 25	7 23	
17 WEDNESDAY,	4 35	7 25	8 34	First 2 12 30
18 THURSDAY,	4 35	7 25	9 55	Full 9 10 35
19 FRIDAY,	4 35	7 25	11 5	Last 16 1 37
20 SATURDAY,	4 35	7 25	12 6	New 23 12 47

Married,

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Benj. Dorr, D. D., MORO PHILLIPS, to EMILY, daughter of H. J. Levis.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. NATHAN SQUIER, of New York city, to Miss ELIZA J. MILLER, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. P. O'Dwyer, LLOYD CHAMBERLAIN, to EMELINE BLANCHARD.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Richard Pickard, Mr. JESSE TAYLOR, of Fairmount, to Miss ALICE HORRICKS, of Frankford.

On Tuesday evening, the 2d inst. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, D. D., Miss MARY ANN EVERETT, daughter of the late Michael Everett, to Mr. JOHN A. BICKEL, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 9th of April last, by the Rev. Mr. Keller, Mr. ELIAS H. BROWN, to Miss REBECCA ARMOUR, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the same, Mr. FREDERICK RAPPZ to Miss CATHARINE KREWSON, all of West Philadelphia.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. C. G. Carter, Mr. EDWARD FARRELL, of this city, to Miss AMELIA KNAPPE, of Southwark.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL F. JORDON, of Lexington, Va. to ELIZABETH KYNN, daughter of the late Peter Leibert, of Philada.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Keller, Mr. JOHN GIVEN, to Miss AMANDA M. KIRRAR, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, JOHN B. MAULL, to Miss ANNIE M. JONES, daughter of Thomas Jones, all of Philadelphia.

On the 26th of March, by the Rev. J. L. Taft, Mr. WM. COLFLESH, to Miss REBECCA MURPHY, of Philadelphia county.

On the 4th inst. at the house of Capt. Stenchfield, in West Philadelphia, by Ald. Gregory, Mr. JOHN HISSEE, to Miss SUSAN P. STENCHFIELD, adopted daughter of Capt. Stenchfield and wife.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. H. G. Jones, of Leverington, Philadelphia county, Mr. DAVID MORGAN, to Miss KATE H. LEVERING, both of Lower Merion.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Thos. H. Quinan, ROBERT L. PASSMORE, to Miss CATHARINE MCMURRAY, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. HENRY COLGIAN, to Mrs. ANN MCNALL, both of Spring Garden.

At Mount Holly, N. J. on the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Moorehouse, Mr. ROBERT NEWELL, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH L. WORMWOOD, of the former place.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Francis Hodgson, Mr. DAVID T. M'MURRAY, to Miss ELIZABETH E. CULLEN, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. A. Tudehope, Mr. JOHN EDGAR, to Miss JANNET BELL, all of Philadelphia.

On the 1st of March, by the Rev. E. S. Ely, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM M. MAULL, to Miss MARTHA MARIA CORY, all of this city.

Died,

On the 8th inst. WILLIAM HAWORTH, aged 61 years.

At West Chester, Pa. on the 9th inst. in the 87th year of his age, Major ADAM HOOPS.

On the 9th inst. Mr. JAMES A. KNOX, late agent of the Merchants Insurance and Trust Company of this city, at New Orleans.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. SARAH ANN VIALL, aged 25 years.

On the 7th inst. RACHEL, daughter of Amos and Elizabeth Adams.

On the 7th inst. MARY COX, daughter of William and Catherine Gibbs, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH CASPERSON, daughter of the late Wm. Negley, pilot.

On the 8th inst. the Hon. ARCHIBALD RANDALL, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Penna.

Suddenly, on the 7th inst. JAMES H. WILSON, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. SUSAN R. KINGSTON.

On the 8th inst. ALFRED NATHAN, son of Nathan and Miranda Atherton, aged 5 months and 2 days.

On the 24d ult. at St. Louis, JOHN G. MURRAY, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Mr. JACOB SALTZMAN, aged 80 years.

On the 6th instant, in the 43d year of her age, Mrs. ELIZA HOTZ, widow of John Hotz, deceased.

On the 7th inst. Mr. JOHN HOLT, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 7th inst. JAMES HUNTLEY, in the 18th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 6th inst. Mrs. MARY A. EPLER, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 6th inst. ANN C., youngest daughter of William and Elizabeth Weaver.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE AUBEY, in the 78th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 4th instant, Mr. MATHEW HARNEY, aged 45 years.

On the 5th inst. WILLIAM MALLAN, aged 5 years and 6 months.

On the 4th inst. EDWIN R. DOUGLASS, in the 26th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. JOHN BROOKE, son of John and Sarah A. Horton, aged 4 years and 7 months.

At Cienfuegos, W. I. on the 21st ult. JOHN B. BARNAPOT, Jr., of this city, in the 28th year of his age.

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 6, 1846.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.

From the 29th May to the 6th June.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Aneurism,	1	0	Brought over,	21	37
Apoplexy,	1	1	—Typhoid,	2	0
Burns,	0	1	Hemorrhage from Lungs,	2	0
Cancer of Stomach,	1	0	Inflammation,	0	1
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	3
Childbed,	1	0	—Breast,	0	1
Cholera Infantum,	0	6	—Bronchi,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	3	—Lungs,	0	3
Convulsions,	0	5	—Stomach and Bowels,	4	1
—Puerperal,	1	0	—Liver,	1	0
Diarrhoea,	0	2	Inanition,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	1	Mania a Potu,	2	0
—Head,	0	3	Marasmus,	0	3
—Breast,	1	0	Mortification of the Leg,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	—Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
—Heart,	1	1	Old Age,	1	0
—Stomach,	1	0	Ossification of the Arteries,	1	0
—Uterus,	1	0	Palsy,	3	0
Drowned,	1	0	Still Born,	0	8
Dysentery,	0	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Debility,	0	1	Unknown,	1	0
Effusion on Brain,	0	1	Whooping Cough,	0	2
Fever,					
—Bilious,	0	2			
—Congestive,	0	1			
—Puerperal,	1	0			
—Scarlet,	0	4			
Carried over,	21	37	Total,	104 - 41	63

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 13 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May 31,	63	69	72
June 1,	64	70	77
2,	67	70	76
3,	70	77	85
4,	74	83	87
5,	77	81	87
6,	67	73	79

HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.

DAVID H. GIHON, BOOK BINDER,

No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,

Has had engraved, at great expense, a series of splendid and appropriate designs, forming together a

MAGNIFICENT SIDE PLATE

expressly for embellishing the covers of

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE,

and is now prepared to bind that handsome work in a very superior manner, in *Calf, Turkey, Morocco, or Sheep, with Gilt, Marble, or Sprinkled Edges, on the most reasonable terms.*

Those who have obtained this beautiful publication, and desire to have it bound in a style corresponding with its internal appearance, are respectfully referred to the following EDITORIAL NOTICES, extracted from the editorial columns of the newspapers of this city.

A HANDSOME PIECE OF WORK.—Gaskill & Cooper have just finished a beautiful and finely finished embossing plate for Mr. Gihon, book binder, intended to work the covers of Harper's Illustrated Bible. The plate is made up of one hundred and twenty different pieces, or types, richly chased, and consisting of scriptural illustrations and ornaments, and forming altogether a beautiful and appropriate embellishment of this edition of the Bible.—*Ledger.*

Mr. Gihon is the only person who has made arrangements for binding Harper's Bible in a fitting manner—every one owning a copy should have it bound by Mr. Gihon.—*S. E. Post.*

ELEGANT BINDING.—We were shown yesterday an elegantly bound Bible, one of Harper's edition, which reflects credit upon the taste and skill of the workmen.—The binding was executed by D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chesnut street. The embellishments are very appropriate, being representations from Bible history.—*Eagle.*

A SPLENDIDLY BOUND BIBLE.—Yesterday a gentleman brought into our office a volume of Harper's Illustrated Bible, bound in the most splendid manner. The style, Turkey morocco, embossed with gold. Each side contains nine scriptural illustrations, and the back is also superbly embellished. The whole reflects the highest credit upon the binder, Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chesnut street.—*Inquirer.*

Mr. Gihon deserves much credit and a liberal encouragement for his enterprise in this costly undertaking.—*Sun.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—We were shown yesterday a copy of Harper's Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, book binder, No. 98 Chesnut street, which reflects much credit on that enterprising gentleman. It must be seen to be appreciated.—*Keystone.*

SPLENDID BINDING.—We have seen Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible, bound by Mr. David W. Gihon, No. 98 Chesnut street, which is as elegant a specimen of that art as is the work itself of typographical perfection. The designs are in perfect keeping with the vignette illustrations of the work itself. The Bible is now just completed, and as there are thousands of our citizens who have been subscribers to it, and are doubtless desirous of having it bound in a style corresponding with the elegance and grace of the internal letter press and illustrations, we most cordially recommend Mr. Gihon to their patronage. Fully convinced from the exquisite and elegant specimen we have seen, that he will do justice to the undertaking.—*North American.*

BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART.—We have examined, with much pleasure, a plate finished by Messrs Gaskill & Cooper, of this city, for David W. Gihon, book binder, No. 98 Chesnut street. It is especially designed as a side plate for embellishing the covers of *Harper's Illustrated Bible.*

We commend the spirit of our young friend Gihon, in getting up this costly and splendid affair, and bespeak for him a generous patronage from the subscribers to the Bible.—*Saturday Courier.*

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, bookbinder, No. 98 Chesnut street, has shown us a magnificent copy of Harper's Pictorial Bible of his binding.—*Spirit of the Times.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—*Elegant Binding.*—We were shown yesterday, a copy of Harper's Illustrated and Pictorial Bible, bound in a magnificent style, by Mr. D. W. Gihon, No. 98 Chesnut street. It is a specimen of what Mr. G. can do in the way of elegant binding, and it is a substantial and beautiful piece of workmanship.—*Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BIBLE.—Mr. David W. Gihon, has caused to be prepared a superior set of ornamental dies for stamping the covers of Harper's Bible. We saw a copy yesterday, bound in a very superior manner, and the effect of the ornaments was neat and tasteful.—*U. S. Gazette.* je13 1t

A NEW VOLUME—JULY, 1846.

$1000 IN PRIZES!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

With More Splendid Embellishments, Greater Popularity, and a Larger Subscription List than any other Magazine in the Country.

ELEGANT PARIS FASHIONS IN EVERY NUMBER.

The great popularity of Graham's Magazine, in every part of the Union, in consequence of the engagement of the very best writers as contributors, and artists of the highest celebrity and acknowledged abilities to illustrate the work, has made it a sort of polar star to all the other periodicals. So that every thing *done* by "Graham" is instantly *premised* by the whole tribe. The promise the public might forgive, or at least forget, but the wretched attempts made to imitate the costly and beautiful works of art which adorn this work, and the poverty of their imitations in the literary department, have impaired the public confidence, and given a turn to our periodical *literature*, which would ultimately bring it into disrepute and contempt.

We have resolved, so far as "Graham" is concerned, to correct the error, and as the magazine literature of America is now confined to "GRAHAM" AND HIS IMITATORS, we are determined to give a proper direction to the popular taste; and propose in the coming volume greatly to amplify the literary department of the work—to engage none but the very best writers—to open a field for young writers of merit—and, in fine, to cultivate a NATIONAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE, which shall command respect at home and abroad.

PREMIUMS FOR THE BEST ARTICLES.

$1000 to be given in Prizes.

In order to call forth the very best talent that the country can produce, we offer the following premiums for the best articles on the best subjects designated:

$300 FOR THE BEST SEA STORY, OF NOT LESS THAN 30 PAGES OF THE MAGAZINE.

$200 FOR THE BEST STORY FOUNDED ON OUR REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

$200 FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON AMERICAN LITERATURE AND ITS PROSPECTS.

$150 FOR THE BEST POEM, OF NOT LESS THAN 100 LINES.

$150 FOR THE BEST STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

The articles to be sent, free of postage, to the publication office, 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, before the 1st of October next; and their merit to be decided by a competent committee of literary gentlemen. The Committee will consist of the following gentlemen:

Dr. J. K. MITCHELL,

MORTON M'MICHAEL, Esq.

HON. ROBERT T. CONRAD,

LOUIS A. GODEY, Esq.

ROBERT MORRIS, Esq.

The Volume will be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with a

SERIES OF EMBELLISHMENTS, UNSURPASSED

by any which have yet appeared in any magazine.

The style of elegance, the beauty and finish of the illustrations, and the extensive improvements which will be made in its typographical appearance, and above all, the tone of its literary department given it by the brilliant array of its Contributors, whose articles will enrich the pages of each number, will give it a character *above any Magazine in the Union.*

The Magazine has become the standard of taste in matters of embellishment, and has led the way in every thing really beautiful published in the Magazines. The voice of the public press, while it places the work at the

HEAD OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

is unanimous in the announcement, that no work ever started in the country has been so elegantly embellished, or has so rapidly increased. For the new volume, the most extensive arrangements have been made, with the most distinguished artists in the country, for a supply of embellishments of all sorts.

OUR BEAUTIFUL MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state, that we have made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the magazine heretofore, by which we secure *his splendid mezzotints for this work alone.* These beautiful engravings will, therefore, form a *feature of Graham's Magazine*, so that we shall be able to distance any thing like competition on this ground.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHION PLATES.

These exquisite creations of taste and skill we have engaged *exclusively*, from the publisher of "Le Follet," and all other efforts to get them have failed. An attempt has been made to *deceive the public*, by re-engraving the *old* designs; but these duplicates are so far beneath the *original designs sent to "Graham" that they excite only contempt.* Our arrangements are complete, and we cannot be equalled in the beauty and correctness of this department of the Magazine. These plates appear in every number.

THE LOWEST TERMS.

The proprietors being more desirous of publishing the HANDSOMEST and BEST, than the cheapest work in the Union, while at the same time they are anxious to bring it within the reach of all, offer the following as the LOWEST POSSIBLE TERMS at which they can afford the work in its elegant style for 1846.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE FOR A SINGLE COPY. Or TWO COPIES YEARLY FOR FIVE DOLLARS, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE, POST PAID.

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH, FREE OF POSTAGE, FIVE COPIES OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, or GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE AND FIVE COPIES OF NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE.

FOR TWENTY DOLLARS CASH, ELEVEN COPIES OF THE MAGAZINE WILL BE FORWARDED, and a copy GRATIS to the Postmaster or others forwarding the money.

☞ Editors who may copy this Prospectus entire, and send a copy, marked with ink, addressed to the Saturday Evening Post, (which will save the publishers the postage on newspapers,) shall be promptly furnished with the Magazine. Address, post paid,

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY.—It becomes my painful duty to inform you that in consequence of the great and increasing demand for WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, which has been the result of their extraordinary goodness, a host of unprincipled persons have entered into a most wicked conspiracy to defraud the public, and at the same time to destroy the name of the above wonderful medicine, by selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

The method by which the counterfeiter is enabled to accomplish his purpose is to sell, at greatly reduced prices, his vile trash to such druggists as can be prevailed upon to purchase. These again sell the spurious article to *their* customers in the country, and thus it often happens that respectable druggists become participators, though perhaps innocently, in the horrid crime of counterfeiting.

As a case in point, it is only necessary to state, that a short time since, one of our travellers, in passing through New Jersey, found in the hands of many of the country merchants, large quantities of medicine, purporting to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which, according to testimony in my possession, were purchased from Messrs. Browning & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

Now these Pills, I beg leave to assure the public, were not manufactured at our establishment, and that my name has been affixed to them without the slightest authority whatever from me. This explanation is due to those who are in the habit of using Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, in order to account for the want of efficacy, and other consequences which may follow the use of a counterfeit article.

Messrs. Browning & Brothers may have purchased and sold a spurious article, without knowing positively that it was a counterfeit. But it should be remembered that those who use Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills do so in the full belief that they are manufactured by me, and consequently hold me responsible for the effects of such medicine. Now I ask is it just that the public should be deceived, or that I should be held accountable for the effects of pills which not only are not mine, but were manufactured and sold to druggists by irresponsible and notorious counterfeiters.

The public, who always judge rightly, will see the necessity of exercising the greatest caution in purchasing Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They will understand that it is important not only to examine the boxes with the greatest care, but to question those who offer them for sale, with the most searching minuteness; and if it should appear that the Pills were not received from our office, that they should be shunned as entirely unworthy of confidence.

Although as a general rule druggists cannot be depended on as having the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, yet I am happy to state there are some highly honorable exceptions. Among those who stand foremost in integrity and honor, it gives me pleasure to name Dr. N. B. Leidy, corner of Second and Vine streets; Messrs. Ritter, Cotterell & Ritter, corner of Third and Branch streets, Philadelphia; and doubtless many others with whom I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance, from whom the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills can always with certainty be obtained. Dr. T. W. Dyott & Son also purchase their Pills at our office, and can therefore be depended on as having the genuine article for sale.

We wish it distinctly understood, however, that Messrs. Browning & Brothers, of Philadelphia, are not agents of ours, and have no authority whatever from us for selling Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and as said Messrs. B. & B. do not purchase their Pills at our office that I cannot guaranty as genuine any they may sell.

The only certainty of getting genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, is to purchase from regularly advertised agents, or at the offices, No. 169 Race st., Phila.; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont st., Boston. (ap 25 3m) W. W.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, below Race.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, eighteen carat cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	18 00
Superior Quartier Watches,	10 00
Gold Pencils,	2 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 75

Gold Finger Rings, 37½ cents to $8. Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cents, patent, 18¾, lunet 25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. feb 28 10m O. CONRAD.

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.

SLEEPER & FENNER,

MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES,

No. 136 Market Street,

SOUTH SIDE, BELOW FOURTH, PHILADELPHIA,

Invite the attention of Merchants and Manufacturers to their very Extensive, Elegant, New Stock, prepared with great care, and offered

AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the Lowest Price for Cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers. jy 13 1

NEW PROSPECTUS, 1846.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FORMERLY

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

The publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer a new prospectus to their friends and the public. In this day of newspaper enterprise they are determined to maintain their old reputation, and *keep ahead of all competitors!* For quarter of a century the "Post" has been the most durably popular of the weekly newspapers: and if capital, enterprise, and a host of writers, can effect their aim, the publishers are resolved that the "Post" shall still lead "the field."

A PERFECT MAGAZINE.

Owing to the large size of the paper, we are enabled to publish, weekly, as much matter as is contained in any one number of the monthly magazines; so that, for less money, the subscriber yearly obtains four times as much reading. Besides this, numerous illustrations, engraved by competent artists, will, hereafter, frequently grace our columns, rendering "The Post," in all respects equal, and in many respects superior to the best magazine!

ORIGINAL TALES.

Every week, one or more original tales of the first *American writers*, grace the columns of this paper. We eschew the common practice of copying stories from foreign magazines, except in rare instances; pictures of American life, and the romance of American history, told by competent American writers, are what the readers of this country require. Our aim, however, shall not be confined to this point alone. To make the Post a useful as well as a pleasant companion, it will have a thorough

NEWS DEPARTMENT,

which shall contain the latest intelligence, comprising a Washington Letter, News from New York, General News, Foreign News, Monthly Letters from England, &c. &c. Together with all Important Public Documents in full; and occasional Reports of Important Congressional Debates. Also Reports of such of the Public Lectures, for which Philadelphia is famous, as may interest our readers. Everything, in short, suited for a Family Paper will be found in the POST.

AGRICULTURAL.

As many farmers do not take an Agricultural Paper it shall hereafter be a part of our plan to give full and late intelligence on Agricultural Matters:—viz., New Discoveries, New Manures, Remarks on Soils, &c., &c. This department will be very complete. Full and accurate *Reports of the Markets* will also be found in every number.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The great size of our sheet enables us, not only to be a Family Paper, but to devote some space especially, each week, to the Ladies' Department, in which all matters interesting to the sex will be noticed, including The Fashions, New Receipts, &c., &c.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A department, under this head will be devoted to Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Puzzles, Arithmetical Questions, and other like matters, interesting to adults as well as to the young.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

A series of Letters from J. BAYARD TAYLOR, the printer poet, now on a pedestrian tour through Europe, are being published in the "POST." These letters have attracted great attention, and are said to be the best since the celebrated letters of Brooks.

In political intelligence we recognise only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion.

EARLIEST AND BEST.

As it is important to have the *latest news*, our columns will always be found the freshest in this respect of any cotemporary. In literature also, we shall possess great facilities for giving novelties!

HUMOROUS ARTICLES.

A good laugh is better than a pound of medicine; and the "POST" will give *original* humorous sketches, a weekly melange of fun, choice scraps of humor, witticisms, &c., &c. Our dish will always be a merry one, let the world wag as it may! In a word, we shall still remain

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND,

a paper indispensable to country readers, in consequence of its

ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES;

ORIGINAL VERSE AND ESSAYS;

HISTORY AND HISTORIETTES;

BIOGRAPHY AND LEGENDS;

SCIENCE AND STATISTICS;

REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;

MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;

ORIGINAL COMMENTS, ON NOTABLES

Those who have not subscribed for this paper will find that the terms are as cheap as the matter is inviting.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00 PER ANNUM.
3 COPIES,	$5,00 PER ANNUM.
8 COPIES,	$10,00 PER ANNUM.
17 COPIES,	$20," PER ANNUM.

The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAM'L. D. PATTERSON & CO., No. 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, viz:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules, on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE VALUE OF THIS PREPARATION IS now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is not local in its operation, but general, extending through the whole system. It neutralizes the poisonous elements in the blood and restores a healthy tone to the organs which generate that fluid. It is put up in a highly concentrated form for convenience and portability, and when diluted according to the directions, each bottle will make six times the quantity, equal to one quart, and is then superior in medicinal value to the various preparations bearing the name. The proprietors are almost daily receiving testimonials of the most respectable character, testifying to its great value as an active and curative medicine.

The following letter, recently received by the proprietors of this invaluable medicine, will be read with interest by all similarly afflicted:

New York, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you the certificate of the all healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James McConnell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected, in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re appearance of it, and that I am entirely well. Yours very truly,

SARAH M'INTYRE, 240 Delancy street, N. Y.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists 100 Fulton St., corner of William, N. York.

Sold also by S. P. Thomson, Philadelphia, Duval & Purcell, Richmond, Va.; Haviland, Harral & Allen, Charleston, S. C.; Mosely & Tucker, Mobile, Ala.; Sickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; W. H. Fox, Natchez, Miss.; J. B. Wilder & Co., Louisville, Ky.; G. F. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; L. Wilcox, Pittsburg, Penna., and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5. my 2 3m

DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE!

Twenty Millions of Inhabitants in the United States

An effort is now making to

CIRCULATE ONE MILLION OF COPIES OF

THE PENNY MAGAZINE,

A Re-issue of which commenced in May, 1845.

This splendid and useful work contains

4000 IMPERIAL OCTAVO PAGES AND

TWO THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS!

and forms a complete library within itself.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE

Was originally issued under the direction of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and is unquestionably the most entertaining and useful of all the popular works which have ever appeared in any age, or in any language. Its pages embrace every subject in the wide field of human knowledge, and, as every article, whether ON SCIENCE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, OR THE ARTS, passed the careful scrutiny and critical ordeal of a committee of learned men, the work may be placed in the hands of the youth of the country, without danger or distrust. In England

MORE THAN 80,000 COPIES

of the monthly parts were disposed of during the first year of its publication. In the United States, the work has acquired great popularity, and since the commencement of this re-issue, the demand for each succeeding No. has increased with unparalleled rapidity, so that a second, third, and even fourth edition of the early numbers has been called for. It is universally acknowledged to be the most valuable and entertaining family work, for all classes, which has ever been published. The original cost of the Stereotyping and Engraving to the London publishers was $25,000. The American Re-issue is printed on good paper, and well done up in handsome paper covers, and issued in

24 PARTS, AT 25 CENTS EACH.

The Parts average 170 pages each, and WILL IN FUTURE BE PUBLISHED ON THE 15th OF EACH MONTH. It is an exact re-print of the London edition, without alteration or abridgment, being printed from the London stereotype plates.

☞ Orders, to be forwarded through the mail or otherwise, promptly attended to. Address, postage paid,

J. S. REDFIELD, Bookseller, Clinton Hall, New York.

Or the Philada. Agents, G. B. ZIEBER & Co. mar 28 tf Third and Chesnut streets, Philada.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1 STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. Of MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, will meet with prompt attention.

EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

THIS SPLENDID HOTEL HAS BEEN LATELY refitted and furnished in the most complete and elegant manner, by Messrs. JACKSON & CRANSTON, and, after the 20th April, when it opens to the public, will be ready for the reception of guests. The experience of Mr. Cranston as host of the Rockaway Pavilion, and of Mr. Jackson, at the Exchange Hotel, Baltimore, and the Astor House, New York, is a guarantee of the style in which the "EUTAW" will be kept. The location is the best in the city of Baltimore.

☞ The PAVILION, at Rockaway, L. I., will remain under the charge of Mr. Cranston, who, during the summer months, will be happy to see his old friends at this favorite watering place. my 16 3m

DR. SWAYNE'S

COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY,

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION,

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs, the most effectual and speedy cure ever known for any of the above diseases is

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE PREPARATION!

REMARKABLE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

☞ TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS. ☜

MILLERSTOWN, Perry county, Pa.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir,—In March last I caught a very heavy cold which settled on my lungs, attended with a hard, dry cough, pains in the *side and breast*, tightness and oppression in the chest. I neglected taking any medicine, except the usual simple remedies, which persons in indigent circumstances like myself generally resort to, until the disease had reached the state above alluded to, when I became quite alarmed and applied to my family physician. He treated me several months, but I received no benefit; in fact I gradually grew worse. I had profuse night sweats, skin dry and parched, no appetite, suffered much with thirst, occasionally *spitting blood*, until my physician, as well as my friends pronounced me going into a deep decline. Some of my friends recommended one medicine, some another, and would show me long certificates of purported cures, many of which I thought suited to my case exactly, but from their effect upon me I despaired ever recovering my health, but gave myself up to die of that scourge of the land

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

Fortunately at this time, a friend of mine passing through our town, who resides in Harrisburg, called to see me, and recommended your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, and gave me the name of Martin Lutz, your agent in Harrisburg. I reluctantly sent and got a bottle, which relieved me so much that I sent and got five more, and I am happy to say I am now a sound and hearty man. I attribute the cure entirely to the use of your celebrated preparation, the COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, and would earnestly recommend any person who is suffering with any disease of the Lungs, to resort at once to your medicine. I remain yours, very respectfully, RICHARD VORMETER.

We are personally acquainted with Richard Vormeter; his statement is strictly true.

S. N. Colbrook, Willis H. Massey,

Jacob Starkey, John Brighton.

This medicine in all cases gives immediate relief, and is a safe, pleasant, and effectual remedy, and worthy a trial from the most sceptical.

CAUTION.—All preparations of Wild Cherry except Dr. Swayne's are fictitious and counterfeit, and sprang up years after this valuable remedy had introduced itself into the sick chamber; therefore, be not deceived by the many "Balsams" and "Spurious Mixtures," but try the genuine and be cured. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE streets, Philada.

☞ Remember, all preparations purporting to contain WILD CHERRY are *fictitious and counterfeit*, except that bearing the written signature of DOCTOR SWAYNE. Great care should be observed to purchase from the regularly appointed Agents in nearly all the principal towns in the United States. mar 14 3m

EVANS & WATSON'S PATENT IMPROVED FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, SLATE-LINED REFRIGERATORS, ETC.

NO. 76 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite the Philadelphia Exchange and Post Office, manufacture constantly their Patent Salamander Fire and Thief Proof Chests, lined with Soap-stone, isinglass, &c., which they will warrant to stand more fire than any Chests made in the United States, a trial of which we hold ourselves ready at all times against any made in the world. We also make Salamanders lined in the usual way, which are sold cheaper than those lined with soap-stone. We still continue to make our celebrated Air Chamber Chests, which have never yet been robbed or picked. All the above Chests are made for the protection of books, papers, deeds, mortgages, silver plate, jewelry, gold, silver, &c., made in all instances without wood or plank; as 75 out of every 100 Fire Proof Chests now in use, are made.

The public may rest assured of getting an article at our store which they can depend upon, having first rate locks of our own manufacture with D. Evans' Patent Covers over the keyhole, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months in the Summer of 1843, and all the keys were at liberty to be used—the Chest was not opened at the time, and at least 1500 persons tried the experiment. And have never yet been robbed, though often tried.

References to a few gentlemen who have exchanged with us and now have our Chests in use.

N. & G. Taylor, 129 north Third street.

Alexander Carver, Conveyancer, corner of Filbert and Ninth streets.

John M. Ford, 32 north Third street.

Myers Bush, 29 north Third street.

Bailey & Brother, 136 Market street.

A. Wright & Nephew, Vine street wharf.

James W. Paul, 101 south Fourth street.

Dr. Jayne, 8 south Third street.

Mr. Patterson, Navy Agent.

And we have about 450 others in use to the satisfaction of those who purchased them.

N. B. We take all second hand Chests in exchange, and always have some on hand for sale very cheap of that kind.

All persons in want are requested to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Patent Slate Refrigerators, Water Filterers, Coolers, Seal and Letter Copying Presses, Hoisting Machines, Plain and Ornamental Iron Railing, Trucks for Stores, Superior Patent Locks, Fire Proof Doors for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B. A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again.

dec 27-1y EVANS & WATSON.

RESUMED.

JOHN B. STRYKER,

Of the late firms of Newbirk & Stryker, and Stryker & Pogue, has resumed

THE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS BUSINESS,

And now offers for sale, at *Nos. 12 and 14 Bank street, Philadelphia,*

Adjoining Myers, Claghorn & Co's Auction Store, No. 78 Market Street,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH, BRITISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Chiefly purchased at Auction, at a very small advance for Cash, or City Acceptances.

Believing that his long experience in purchasing, will enable him to sell his Goods at the lowest market prices, he invites his old friends, and others wishing to buy, to favor him with a call. jy 18-1y

DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear-trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger:

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine:

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness.* We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and *of course* know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as it does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 40½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1845." DANIEL GRAEFF.

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.

mar 8-eowtf) WILLARD JENKS.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 129 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, whole sale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Duhurst, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; Sickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; B. F. Ellis, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mo.; A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa.; Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind.; and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 19-tf ANDREW S. CHAMBERS.

Selected Poetry.

THE PEARL WEARER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

It is recorded of a pearl-diver, that his diet (from over-exertion or some other cause) immediately after he had reached the land or boat from which he had plunged; and that amongst the shells which he brought up, was one that resembled a pearl of surpassing size and beauty.

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single peerless, priceless pearl,
(All slimy eyed) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes.
The ruby's blushes—there it lies,
Modest as the under dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn.
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Yet—what doth all avail?
All its beauty, all its grace?
All the honors of its place?
Like urchin plucked it from its bed
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthly dwelling—dead!
And his children, one by one.
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gem'ls Pride, no longer wear,
In thy night black odorous hair,
Such a spell. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such untoward gem!
What need'st thou a diadem?—
Thou, within whose Eastern eyes,
Thought (a starry genius) lies!—
Thou, whom Love and Truth hath made
Beautiful—in whom we trace
Woman's softness—angel's grace—
All we hope for—all that streams
Upon us, in our haunted dreams!

Oh sweet lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to us or pain allied!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and sooty vine
Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on heavens hard and cold!
But be THOU for ever known
By thy natural light alone!

Amusing Dialogue.

PLAYING OLD SOLDIER.

We are indebted to the Fulton County Democrat, published in Johnston, N. Y., for the following ludicrous account of a dialogue that recently took place in that village between a Surgeon and a Militia Man, who had become much alarmed at the prospect of being drafted for the Mexican War, and wished therefore to procure a certificate of inability to perform military duty.

The cream of the joke is that the applicant was a large athletic person, perfectly sound and well, in every respect. He walked into the Surgeon's office with a downcast appearance, and apparently in great bodily distress, and then commenced the following

DIALOGUE.

Militia Man.—Well, Doctor, I've called to see you, and I want to get a certificate to clear me from trainin'.

Surgeon.—Well, friend, what is the matter?

Mil.—Why, sir, in the first place. I'm deaf in my right ear, I can't hear a bit through it. I couldn't hear the noise of forty cannons on that side.

Surg.—Deafness is an affliction, my friend, but that alone will not shield you from military duty, in times of national peril—but you can hear in the other ear, can't you?

Mil.—Not very well—when I take cold it settles in my head—like it up tight, and then one ear ain't much better than t'other. Oh! it's an awful feelin' to be deaf, and ought to clear any man from trainin'.

Surg.—I deeply sympathise with you, sir, and under ordinary circumstances I would be happy to grant your request—but these are trying times—times of danger and bloodshed. We are engaged with Mexico on the south. England threatens to take part in the contest, and if she does, we will be surrounded on all sides by enemies, and we shall witness the "most terrible struggle the world ever saw," and further, sir, I have been instructed by the Commanding General not to grant certificates for slight causes during the continuance of the war.

Mil.—Texico! they'll not catch me in Texico. I'll not go to that burnin' climate to be murdered, and roasted to death by Spaniards and bloody Injuns—besides, doctor, my constitution wouldn't stand it. I'd die there in less than a week. It's horrible to drag a man away off to *Texico* to fight with niggers and Injuns, especially a poor deaf feller like me. Go to Texico! no, by thunder, I won't—I'll die first.

Surg.—All the sound, able bodied men in this regiment will soon be called upon to march to Mexico; and surely no patriot will refuse to defend his country.

Mil.—Able bodied men! yes, but I ain't able bodied, as I said before, I'm deaf as a door nail in one ear, and besides, Doctor, I've got a dreadful lame foot,—three years ago, I split my big toe thro' and thro' and it's never been well since. I have to wear a big boot on that foot (you see.) and even now it sometimes gives me great distress. Oh, me! what times!

Surg.—Then you are lame, are you?

Mil.—Yes, Doctor, I've to rest day nor night with that big toe—and you know, Doctor, that if I went in the army, and got in a battle, and our side got licked, and had to run, why I couldn't keep up with the rest on em on account of this ere lame foot. I'd surely be taken prisoner, and then like enough they' have an *Injun powow* over me, and tie me to a stake and roast me to death by inches, as they did John Rogers. Oh, Doctor! do give me a certificate: you know I ain't fit to make a warrior, and as for going to Texico, I won't do it. No, by blixem, I won't!

Surg.—You will be obliged to go if they call upon you, otherwise they will hang you up or shoot you as a traitor.

Mil.—Shoot me! I'd rather die here among Christians and decent folks, than to be tortured to death by them infernal bloody *Spaniards*. Oh! oh! I think they might let poor deaf and lame fellers like me stay at home.

Surg.—Well, friend, I should be pleased to comply with your request, but the General's orders are imperative not to grant any certificates unless the person applying has some better excuse than you appear to have—a deaf ear or a lame toe is a small matter in such times, and will not clear you.

Mil.—Oh, Doctor! I haint told you half of my diseases yet. That toe, and ear, aint nothin' to this ere consumption; (laying his hand on his breast and trying to cough) and this cough, oh! it distresses me night and day, and Doctor W. says, that southern climate would'nt agree with my disease. He says it would kill me off in three days. And besides, Doctor, all the neighbors know I'm a sick and weakly feller, and can't do a day's work. I work for a boy's wages. I can't do nothin' but little chores about the house. I can't cradle nor mow, nor plow, nor take not bind grain, nor any such hard work.—And I think any man that's got the consumption and can't do a day's work should'nt go to war.

Surg.—'Tis a hard matter I know, but in seasons of war—in perilous emergencies, the country expects every patriot to do his duty.

Mil.—Well, Doctor, I would be a *first rate* patriot too if I was able, but I aint able. I could'nt stand the wear and tear of war, I expect to drop off with the consumption one of these days, I can feel my liver is about eat up with it, and so what's the use to take me away off to die among the wild Texicans.

Surg.—My friend, I'm really *sorry for you*—but are you laboring under the effects of consumption?

Mil.—To be sure I am—*(here he puts his hand upon his chest, and raises an artificial cough, countenancing symptoms of great pain)* just examine me, Doctor, and you'll find I'm not jokin', oh, Doctor! if you had half the pain I suffer, you'd give me a certificate quick.

Here the Surgeon approaches the consumptive "Mr. Idiot Man" and examines, and questions him on various points as follows:

Surg.—Well, sir, your pulse beats rapid, and indicates a high fever.

Mil.—Yes, sir, but taint half so high now as 'tis sometimes. Sometimes I feel as hot as if I was in a pot of bilin' water.

Surg.—How often are you troubled with this fever?

Mil.—More or less every day, it's a great deal worse than hot weather. How then could I stand it in Texico where they say you can bake eggs, and other victuals in the Sun, without either kettle or pans? I wouldn't go there, for all the niggers and land to boot, because, Doctor, I could'nt stand it.

Surg.—You say your liver is nearly destroyed with consumption, what is the state of your bowels?

Mil.—Oh, dreadfully out of order, Doctor; I have to take two smashin' doses of salts every day to keep me right, and every night when I lay down I'm in horrible pain, I feel as though ten thousand brick were piled on the top of me. I roll over from one side to tother and never get any sleep till after midnight. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! you don't know what misery I suffer.

Surg.—Anything wrong about your head.

Mil.—Oh yes, Doctor; my head aint much better than no head at all. My brain seems to be jogged out of its place. I have sich dreadful headache, and then agin sich dizzy fits. Why, Doctor, every mornin' when I get up, those dizzy spells come on, and I have to clinch hold of the bed post, to keep from fallin' down, I stay in the house and never do nothin' till after breakfast.

Surg.—Do you ever dream any during the night?

Mil.—Yes, I have frightful dreams. I see devils and witches dancin' cotillions like all natur'; Oh, what droll capers they do cut up! I s'pose these dreams are caused by my brain bein' out of order.

Surg.—No doubt of that, but as to your lungs, you seem to be troubled with a bad cough, do you throw up any matter?

Mil.—Yes, more than a quart every day, it sometimes almost strangles me. Oh! oh! (raising a cough.)

Surg.—Do you raise any blood?

Mil.—Yes, a great deal.

Surg.—Perhaps it proceeds from your nose, if you are subject to bleeding at the nose.

Mil.—No; no; Doctor, my nose never bleeds, this blood comes right straight up from my liver, and it's as fresh as if it was taken from a hog. I raise it by mouthfuls; so you see, Doctor I can't stand it long at this rate, and 'twould be nonsense to send a dyin' man like me away off to fight them savage Spaniard niggers. If I could fight, Doctor, I would, I aint no coward by natur'.

Surg.—Do you have any sweats or cold chills?

Mil.—Yes, I have both, terrible spells I have too. When I get up in the mornin' the bedclothes are as wet as if they was soaked in a wash tub, and then again, the cold chills come on, and I feel as if I was kivered all over with a coat of ice. Oh, Doctor! you don't know wu... a sickly cretur I am; if you did, you wouldn't ask no questions.

Surg.—Your eye-sight is good, is it not?

Mil.—Not at all, Doctor. I'm very near-sighted. When the sun shines it dazzles my eyes, and in cloudy weather I can't see from one end of the gun to the other, so you see I would be of no kind of use in war. I'd be as likely to shoot the stars as the Mexicans. Don't you think so, Doctor?

Surg.—Are any of your bones dislocated?

Mil.—Yes, sir, they are, there's hardly a sound bone in my body, the fore finger on my right hand is out of joint and very weak, so that I can't shoot off a gun, and these fits I spoke of are so orful hard that they have unjointed three of my ribs, and then agin, I broke my breast bones four years ago by fallin' off a horse, in three pieces, and, Doctor, my bones never heal up when they break once. The night air is bad for me, *(here he coughed tremendously.)* I never go out in the night air. I don't get my feet wet, if I did, my toe would swell up so big that I couldn't get my boot on for a week. I haint no appetite—I can't eat nothin' but delicate vittals, and furthermore, Doctor, I have a dreadful pain across the kidneys and in the spine—it darts through my hull body like sharp arrows. Seven years ago I took the fever and ague, and it hangs on to me yet, and will till I die. Oh, Doctor, I'm all pain and misery, from the top of my brains to the end of my toes, and do you think its right, Doctor, to send a poor, miserable, half dead skeleton like me to fight the Mexicans; besides, Doctor, I'm a Whig—this war is agin my principles, the Lokies made the war, and let 'em fight it out? Oh! oh! the very thought breaks my heart. Go off there? no, I shan't do it! They may shoot, or hang, or burn me, but I'll be d—d if I go to Texico. I aint no coward, neither, but I couldn't endure the hardship, the marchin', the fightin', and so on—that's all. Now Doctor, do take pity on me, and write me a short certificate. Oh, do—I'll pay you well, Doctor, (putting his hand in his pocket)—I've got lots of change. I'll give you $5 or $10. Come, Doctor, come.

Surg.—You are certainly an object of sympathy, my friend, but I can't disobey my instructions. Perhaps, friend, if you can't endure the hot service you might join the cavalry, or act as teamster for the baggage wagons.

Mil.—Worse and worse! I can't ride a horse faster than a slow walk on account of my consumption, and I couldn't drive a team on account of my dizzy fits—I might tumble off and break my neck.

Surg.—Really friend, you are in a dreadful situation if your statement be correct, and I don't know but *I* ought to grant you a certificate, notwithstanding my instructions to the contrary. Would you swear to the statement you have made to me?

Mil.—Yes sir, and more too, what I tell you is as true as the Gospel.

Surg.—Well I'll wait a few days to see if my orders may not be countermanded; probably it may not be necessary to send off this regiment, and if so I will then grant you a certificate. Call again next Saturday.

Mil.—Very well, if they only wait a few days, thank God! *I'll* be in my grave—I'll be out of their reach in spite of 'em—and then they can't send me off to fight the bloody savages of *South America*.

[Erie Militia Man.]

Affecting Sketch.

THE TASK.

An Affecting Story of the Mountain LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a high mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes, they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man, (the son of a small landed proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, but not to nobility,) stood respectful looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how much dispensing with formality, enables and makes greater the respect. The lady stood by the side of him pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his valor and strength. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task, and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd which she beheld not, and now on her hands and finger's ends which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretence, the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her notwithstanding the fear of the Lord Baron, kissed the hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery," and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off; slow but sure, as if to encourage his mistress, they mount the hill; they proceed well, he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something, then ascends at a quick rate, and now, being at the mid-way point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a shout. The baron with an air of indifference bites the end of his gauntlet, and then casts on them a look of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again—he is half way between the middle and top—he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more his task; one-third of the remaining part of the way to conquer. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very short steps and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top, he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See, at last he is on the top, and down he falls, with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount: they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy—the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou has practiced this fast before on purpose to deceive me—Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed as that."

"Part them," said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. The people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looking up at the baron, said—" Sir, they are dead!"

Salmagundi.

THE SON TO HIS MOTHER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

There was a place in childhood, that I remember well,
And there, a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace, were given with my joy to me,
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt, beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the peril of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time;
When doubt or danger weighed me down, then, pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven, that bent my mother's knee.

And can I this remember, and e'er forget to prove
The glow of holy gratitude—the fullness of my love?
When then art feeble, mother, come, rest thy arm on me,
And let thy cherish'ed child support the aged mother's knee.

FROM DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

A LETTER TO EBENEZER PRUNE;

Grocer and General Dealer of the town of Nunskull, England.

DEAR EBENEZER—Your letter came to hand. There was no fear of that. No letter that showed a man to be a fool, ever yet miscarried. And a pretty noodle you but of, foolscap paints you. What! you're glad we're going to have out the militia? You're delighted to find we have so much blood in us! Blood, indeed! What business has any decent Christian man with blood, unless in the way of black pudding?

Well, at your time of life, I didn't think you could have had the pipe-clay fever so strong upon you! And yet it only makes out a notion of mine. You may begin with boys and lads, and teach them what's right and straight,—but it's plaguy hard to take the twist and crank out of your respectable middle-aged Solomons that *will* be fools, and still think you're so very wise, only because you're fools with a grave face. You say, the whole town of Nunskull is ripe for war. Is it? Twould serve it right just to have one morning's relish of it. The Mayor, you say, is very hot for glory, and the mayoress and her daughters dying to see the whole town in regimentals. If the thing *could* be done, I should like to have Nunskull besieged, and the Mayor's house particularly well peppered. Twould be a nice holiday, a capital sight for the rest of all England. I think I could arrange a very pretty day's amusement.

Let me see: we will begin about seven o'clock in the morning. The Mayor is yet in his bed, lying on his back, twiddling his thumbs, and counting over his virtues. Whiz—bang—crash! A shell—fired by the Yankee Wholehog Artillery—(they landed last night from the *Cashdown*, Pennsylvanian frigate)—falls through the roof—through floor and floor—carries away, never minding the mayoress's screams, half the State tester, leaving the Mayor and his wife unhurt—but still falling through dining-room and parlor,—and intent upon doing its worst, descending into the cellar, and finally dropping into a pipe of the very best brewing Port, just going to be bottled. Now, this bomb we'll suppose to be the first sugar-plum of war!

The Mayor jumps out of bed, thinking of his money-box, his plate, his bonds, his pipe of port, and his wife and daughters. The lady mayoress screams like—no I can't think of nothing stronger—like a woman! And then her five daughters, all in their bed gowns and curl-papers, rushing in, scream too, to show the loudness and the weakness of their womanhood. Now, Ebenezer, ain't all these creatures pretty hypocrites? I mean what I say—and I'll prove it.

Bless their little satisfied souls! how they do love the military, to be sure! What a beautiful thing is a review to 'em—isn't it? And how they'll smile upon cannon-balls as if they were things to eat—and how they'll wink their precious eyes in the breast-plates of the dear officers, more than if they stared in their own looking-glasses! And then, in their little puffed-up hearts, they think no more of a man than of a barn-door fowl, if he isn't a soldier. But only put a feather in his cap—red cloth and gold lace on his body—roll him tight round with a sash (the babe of glory!)—and let a long sword dangle by his side—and to woman's heart, what a dear peacock the sweet fellow is! She could follow him all over the world; his feathers are so fine, and he does strut so beautifully! And in this way, Ebenezer, do women again and again make themselves parties to war and wickedness! In their hearts, to be sure, they don't mean it. They'll faint, some of 'em, to see a cut finger; but then a review only shows the drippery of war—without the blood. The music's beautiful, and there's no call then for fact.

* * * * *

But let me come back—for I've wandered a long way—to the siege of Nunskull, just to let you see the beauties of war. Well, the Mayor, and his wife and daughters, are all embracing one another in the bed-room, when bang comes another shell, and blows away Maria and Louisa (young, pretty things, that never did harm to anybody) into the next world. Bang—bang—fall the shells! Crash goes the house, and the Mayor and his wife, and three daughters, scramble down stairs, and hide in the cellar!

Now, Mr. Mayor was a great man for war, and all its glory. Yes! when full of his best Port, he would give his favorite toast—"a speedy war and soon!" And wherefore? The purple-faced old ass know nothing of war but its outside finery. The regimental hats, the fifes and drums made him feel as strong as Samson. But then he's never had bomb shells drop through his house, and his helpless children slaughtered under his eyes. How very differently does he now—squatted low, like a toad-stool, in his cellar—think of war. How does he curse, and swear, being at the mid-way point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a shout. The baron with an air of indifference bites the end of his gauntlet, and then casts on them a look of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again—he is half way between the middle and top—he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more his task; one-third of the remaining part of the way to conquer. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very short steps and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top, he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See, at last he is on the top, and down he falls, with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount: they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy—the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou has practiced this fast before on purpose to deceive me—Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed as that."

"Part them," said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. The people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looking up at the baron, said—" Sir, they are dead!"

Salmagundi.

THE SON TO HIS MOTHER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

There was a place in childhood, that I remember well,
And there, a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace, were given with my joy to me,
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt, beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the peril of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time;
When doubt or danger weighed me down, then, pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven, that bent my mother's knee.

And can I this remember, and e'er forget to prove
The glow of holy gratitude—the fullness of my love?
When then art feeble, mother, come, rest thy arm on me,
And let thy cherish'ed child support the aged mother's knee.

FROM DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

A LETTER TO EBENEZER PRUNE;

Grocer and General Dealer of the town of Nunskull, England.

DEAR EBENEZER—Your letter came to hand. There was no fear of that. No letter that showed a man to be a fool, ever yet miscarried. And a pretty noodle you but of, foolscap paints you. What! you're glad we're going to have out the militia? You're delighted to find we have so much blood in us! Blood, indeed! What business has any decent Christian man with blood, unless in the way of black pudding?

Well, at your time of life, I didn't think you could have had the pipe-clay fever so strong upon you! And yet it only makes out a notion of mine. You may begin with boys and lads, and teach them what's right and straight,—but it's plaguy hard to take the twist and crank out of your respectable middle-aged Solomons that *will* be fools, and still think you're so very wise, only because you're fools with a grave face. You say, the whole town of Nunskull is ripe for war. Is it? Twould serve it right just to have one morning's relish of it. The Mayor, you say, is very hot for glory, and the mayoress and her daughters dying to see the whole town in regimentals. If the thing *could* be done, I should like to have Nunskull besieged, and the Mayor's house particularly well peppered. Twould be a nice holiday, a capital sight for the rest of all England. I think I could arrange a very pretty day's amusement.

Let me see: we will begin about seven o'clock in the morning. The Mayor is yet in his bed, lying on his back, twiddling his thumbs, and counting over his virtues. Whiz—bang—crash! A shell—fired by the Yankee Wholehog Artillery—(they landed last night from the *Cashdown*, Pennsylvanian frigate)—falls through the roof—through floor and floor—carries away, never minding the mayoress's screams, half the State tester, leaving the Mayor and his wife unhurt—but still falling through dining-room and parlor,—and intent upon doing its worst, descending into the cellar, and finally dropping into a pipe of the very best brewing Port, just going to be bottled. Now, this bomb we'll suppose to be the first sugar-plum of war!

The Mayor jumps out of bed, thinking of his money-box, his plate, his bonds, his pipe of port, and his wife and daughters. The lady mayoress screams like—no I can't think of nothing stronger—like a woman! And then her five daughters, all in their bed gowns and curl-papers, rushing in, scream too, to show the loudness and the weakness of their womanhood. Now, Ebenezer, ain't all these creatures pretty hypocrites? I mean what I say—and I'll prove it.

Bless their little satisfied souls! how they do love the military, to be sure! What a beautiful thing is a review to 'em—isn't it? And how they'll smile upon cannon-balls as if they were things to eat—and how they'll wink their precious eyes in the breast-plates of the dear officers, more than if they stared in their own looking-glasses! And then, in their little puffed-up hearts, they think no more of a man than of a barn-door fowl, if he isn't a soldier. But only put a feather in his cap—red cloth and gold lace on his body—roll him tight round with a sash (the babe of glory!)—and let a long sword dangle by his side—and to woman's heart, what a dear peacock the sweet fellow is! She could follow him all over the world; his feathers are so fine, and he does strut so beautifully! And in this way, Ebenezer, do women again and again make themselves parties to war and wickedness! In their hearts, to be sure, they don't mean it. They'll faint, some of 'em, to see a cut finger; but then a review only shows the drippery of war—without the blood. The music's beautiful, and there's no call then for fact.

* * * * *

But let me come back—for I've wandered a long way—to the siege of Nunskull, just to let you see the beauties of war. Well, the Mayor, and his wife and daughters, are all embracing one another in the bed-room, when bang comes another shell, and blows away Maria and Louisa (young, pretty things, that never did harm to anybody) into the next world. Bang—bang—fall the shells! Crash goes the house, and the Mayor and his wife, and three daughters, scramble down stairs, and hide in the cellar!

Now, Mr. Mayor was a great man for war, and all its glory. Yes! when full of his best Port, he would give his favorite toast—"a speedy war and soon!" And wherefore? The purple-faced old ass know nothing of war but its outside finery. The regimental hats, the fifes and drums made him feel as strong as Samson. But then he's never had bomb shells drop through his house, and his helpless children slaughtered under his eyes. How very differently does he now—squatted low, like a toad-stool, in his cellar—think of war. How does he curse, and swear, being at the mid-way point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a shout. The baron with an air of indifference bites the end of his gauntlet, and then casts on them a look of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again—he is half way between the middle and top—he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more his task; one-third of the remaining part of the way to conquer. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very short steps and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top, he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See, at last he is on the top, and down he falls, with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount: they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy—the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou has practiced this fast before on purpose to deceive me—Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed as that."

"Part them," said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. The people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looking up at the baron, said—" Sir, they are dead!"

Affecting Sketch.

THE TASK.

An Affecting Story of the Mountain LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a high mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes, they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man, (the son of a small landed proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, but not to nobility,) stood respectful looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how much dispensing with formality, enables and makes greater the respect. The lady stood by the side of him pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his valor and strength. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task, and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd which she beheld not, and now on her hands and finger's ends which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretence, the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her notwithstanding the fear of the Lord Baron, kissed the hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery," and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off; slow but sure, as if to encourage his mistress, they mount the hill; they proceed well, he halts an instant before he gets midway, and

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

COMPOSITION CAKE.—One pound of sugar; half a pound of butter; four eggs; one cup of milk; half a teaspoonful of saleratus, or volatile salts, dissolved in hot water; half a nutmeg; one teaspoonful of essence of lemon; and as much flour as will make a stiff batter.

Beat these well together; then add one pound of currants or chopped raisins.

Line square tin pans with buttered paper, and put in the mixture an inch deep, and bake in a quick oven.

When cold, cut it in small squares, or oblong pieces.

To ice it, take it from the pan and paper; turn the pan upside down; set the cake on it to ice; when the icing is done, cut the cake.

PLUM CAKE.—One pound of flour; nine eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, one pound of butter; half a pint of brandy; one cup of molasses, and one pound of brown sugar; nutmegs and mace, each half an ounce. Beat this mixture well; then, having washed and dried three pounds of currants, and stoned and chopped three pounds of raisins, strew half a pound of flour over them; rub it well through them, and then stir them into the cake, with a pound of citron cut in slips.

Line round tin pans with buttered paper, and fill them two inches deep with the mixture.

Bake in a moderate oven for three or four hours.

PLUM CAKE.—Make a cake of two cups of butter; two cups of molasses; two eggs; one cup of milk or buttermilk; one teaspoonful of saleratus, or volatile salts (which is better;) a gill of brandy; one teaspoonful of essence of lemon; two nutmegs, and flour to make it a stiff batter.

Beat it well; then add one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped; one pound of currants, well washed and dried by the fire; and one or two quarters of citron.

Bake in a quick oven.

This is a fine rich cake, easily made, and not expensive.

The Instructor.

Why is baptism supposed to have had its origin from the Deluge?

Because it might commemorate the world having been purged by water. Such is the opinion of Grotius. The Jews practised this ceremony on their proselytes after circumcision, long before the coming of Christ. In the primitive times the ceremony was performed by immersion, as it is to this day in the Oriental churches, agreeably to the original signification of the word, which means dipping or plunging.

Why, in Scotland, were newly-baptized children passed through a flame?

Because their parents believed they might thus be preserved from the power of evil spirits. The invocation on this occasion was:—"Let the flame consume thee now or never!" An old Greek custom was for gossips to run round the fire with the infant in their arms.

Why did the ancient Irish, at baptizing their children, only dip their right arms in the water?

Because it was thought the child would then give a deeper and incurable blow. Mr. Brand considers this as a proof that the whole body of the child was anciently commonly immersed in the baptismal font.

We read likewise, that the above people were so given to war, that the mother put the first meat into her male infant's mouth upon the point of her husband's sword, wishing that it might die "no otherwise than in war or by the sword." and Mr. Pennant informs us, that in the Highlands, midwives give newly born babes a small spoonful of earth and of whiskey, as their first food. Gross tells us of a superstition, that a child who does not cry when sprinkled in baptism, will not live; and that children prematurely wise are not long lived, that is, rarely reach maturity; a notion which we find quoted by Shakespeare, and put into the mouth of Richard III.

Why is a piece of coral, with bells, &c., given to infants, to assist them in cutting their teeth?

Because an ancient superstition considered coral an amulet or defensative against fascination; for this we have the authority of Pliny. It was thought too to preserve and fasten the teeth in men. In a Latin work, date 1536, we read of coral:—Wytches tell, that this stone without sinneth lyghteovynge. It putteth off lyghteovynge, whirlewynde, tempeste, and stormes, fro shyppes and houses that it is in." Steevens, in his notes to Shakspeare, says, "there appears to have been an old superstition that coral would change its color and look pale, when the wearer *fell* it was sick." Plat, in his *Jewel House of Nature and Art*, says, "Coral is good to be hanged about children's necks, as well to rub their gums, to preserve them from falling sickness; it hath also some special sympathy with nature, for the best coral, being worn about the neck, will turn pale and wan, if the party that wears it be sick, and comes to its former color again, as they recover health." In a very rare old work, date 1631, in a dialogue relative to the duties of a child, we read, the "Corall with the small golden chayne."

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

ROSE, AUSTRIAN. *Thou Art All That's Lovely.*

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness. *Moore.*

Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! Thou art all divine. *Addison.*

ROSE, BURMAH. *Happy Love.*

She is mine own:
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearls,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Shake*

My true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth. *Id.*

There's beggary in love that can be reckoned. *Id.*

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
Bring flowers, for the locks of the fair young bride. *Hemans.*

ROSE, DEEP RED. *Sensitive Modesty.*

I have marked a thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes. *Shake*